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## AN OPEN QUESTION.\*

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

### CHAPTER XVII.—FAMILY MATTERS.

FATHER MAGRATH thus succeeded at last in lighting his pipe, and for a few moments his flow of conversation was checked. He

mouth, while his right hand stirred a spoon round the tumbler of toddy. Clouds of smoke rolled up around his head, through which his

priest calmly, but said nothing. He had come to this interview out of no desire for society, out of no love of conversation, and



"At this Sir Gwyn looked deeply distressed, and tried to change the conversation."—Page 228.

sat holding the pipe with his left hand to his

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eyes occasionally peered forth in a furtive way, yet with a quick, keen, penetrating glance at the rugged face and sombre brow of Kane Hellmuth. The latter surveyed the

no taste for that conviviality upon which his companion laid stress. He had come simply because he hoped that he might be able to learn something directly or indirectly about

Clara, his late wife; and it seemed to him that one who filled the responsible post of father-confessor to this family would be the very man who, of all others, would be the most likely to give him that information which he needed. He listened, therefore, in silence and with patience to the priest's remarks, thinking that his wandering fancy would soon exhaust itself, and his mind come to business matters.

"I rigit extremely," said Father Magrath, at length, "that Miss Mordaunt isn't at home. But she couldn't stay here any longer. The raycint sad occurrence, the dith of her vinirible frind, preed daiply upon her mind, and she has been compelled to quit the city. For me own part, I must say that, although I was not altogether surprised at poor Wyverne's dith, I filit it extremely."

"Yes," said Kane Hellmuth, who, now that Father Magrath had got to a topic like this, was anxious to keep him to it and to draw him out, "yes, I suppose so, but it was very sudden, and I did not know that any one could be expecting it."

Father Magrath sighed and shook his head.

"I was acquainted with the doctor who attended him."

"The doctor that attindid him?" repeated Father Magrath. "That'll be Dr. Burke—no, Black—no, that's not it—it's something like it."

"Dr. Blake."

"Blake—yis, that's the name, so it is. A young man—yis. Miss Mordaunt infarrumed me all about it, and she mitioned him with much rayspiet."

"There was some trouble on Mr. Wyverne's mind toward the last," suggested Kane Hellmuth. "The doctor said that Miss Wyverne seemed to feel uneasy. I hope that she has overcome that feeling."

"Miss Wyverne—what?" said Father Magrath. "What's that? Why, ye don't mane that wild fancy of his? Sure and did yer frind the doctor let her go off with such a fool's fancy in her poor little head? D'ye mane his notion about not knowing her? Sure and it's wild he was. Didn't I hear all about it. He didn't recognize his own choild. It was delirium. He was out of his sinis. Yer frind the doctor must be very young to take the language of faver and delirium for sober sinse. I'm afraid he hadn't his wits about him; but, most of all, I blame him for not explaining to her, poor girl. Faith, thin, there's no fear that she'll be troubled about that. She's got a black future before her, I'm afraid."

"I sincerely hope that no new affliction has happened to Miss Wyverne."

"Well, it's ginerally considered an affliction," said Father Magrath, "to be lift distichoot."

"Destitute? Why, wasn't her father a very rich man?"

Father Magrath shook his head with solemn and mournful emphasis.

"No," said he, "Miss Wyverne has nothing. Her father had nothing to layve her. He was head over heels in dibt. Under the show of great apparent wilth, he concealed utter poverty."

"You amaze me," said Kane Hellmuth, in a sympathizing tone.

"It was an old dibt," continued Father Magrath, "contracted years ago—he niver was able to do any thing with it. He had to kape up a certain style, and this, of coorse, neccisitated a great ixpinditure; consequently he wint from bad to worse. One man was his chief creditor, and he was lenient for a 'long time, until this last year or so, whin he changed his chune, and demanded a sittle-mint or some sort of security. All this preyed greatly upon my poor frind's mind, and, in conniction with the life-long anxieties of his business, resulted in some affliction of the heart, some inflammation of the pericarjum. And here now ye see the ind. Here he is—a did man—and here is his daughter literally pinnillias. What's wust, she doesn't know any thing about it yit, and I'm bothered out of me life about it, for it is my milancholy juty to infarrum her of these facts, but how I'm to do it I don't for the life of me know."

Father Magrath was silent for a few moments, and pensively sipped his toddy.

"By-the-way," said he, at length, "this frind of yours, the doctor, do ye know where he is?"

"Oh, yes; he's in Paris."

"In Paris? Well, that's very convaynient. I find that it is neccisary for me to obtain some sort of a formal steetment from his medical man, if possible, rilitiv to the disease of poor Wyverne, and to have it jewly attested before some magistrate. If yer frind is so handy as that, maybe I might write and he'd forward the neccisary documents. Would ye have the kindness to give me his address? and, perhaps, ye'd better write it out in this mimorandum-book."

With this Father Magrath drew a memorandum-book and a pencil from his pocket. Opening the former, he handed it to Kane Hellmuth. The latter took it, and, on the page indicated by the priest, he wrote down the address of Dr. Blake in full. The priest thanked him, and restored the memorandum-book to his pocket.

"Yis," he continued, in a soliloquizing tone, "it was very sad the whole affair, poor Wyverne's life and his dith. His money-troubles killed him at last. He was always hard up—his wilth all show, and a grasping criditor, and him as poor as a rat, with nothing to leave his daughter, poor girl."

"What'll become of Miss Wyverne?" asked Kane Hellmuth, with some interest.

Father Magrath smiled.

"Oh, for that matter, there's no danger, after all. It's only the sinse of indipindence that she'll lose. She has frinds that love her far too dearly to see her suffer, and they'll know how to keep her from knowing any thing of want."

"Was Mr. Wyverne any relation to Miss Mordaunt?" asked Kane Hellmuth, who now felt anxious to bring the conversation nearer to the subject of his thought.

"A distant relation. Mr. Wyverne was her guardian."

"She has something, I suppose, to live upon?"

"Oh, yes; she is sufficiently well provided for to make her feel jew contintmint.

Her wants are not ixtravagant. She has been brought up with very simple tastes, and, for that matter, if the worst comes to the worst, she could be a governess. It's very different with her from what it is with Miss Wyverne, that's looked on herself all her life as an heiress."

"Has Miss Mordaunt any brothers or sisters?"

"No," said the priest; "she's alone in the wurruld. There were others, but they're dead and gone. She's had a sad lot in life— orphaned in her infancy—alone without any rilitives to speak of—but she's got a good, and a gintle, and an angilie disposition of her own."

"Had she no sisters?" asked Kane Hellmuth, in a voice which he tried to make as steady as possible, but in which, in spite of his efforts, there was a perceptible tremor. The priest took a hasty glance at him, and saw that his head was bowed, leaning upon his hand.

"She had," said the priest, after a short hesitation—"she had a sister."

"A sister? I thought so," said Kane Hellmuth. "Was she older or younger?"

"Older—tin years older."

"Do you know her name?"

"Clara."

With every new word the agitation of Kane Hellmuth had increased, so that it would have been perceptible to duller eyes than those keen and scrutinizing ones of Father Magrath, which were fastened so vigilantly and so searchingly upon him.

"Bessie," said the priest, in a mournful tone, "comes from an ill-fated family. I hope she may be an ixception to the mournful distinies that seem to parshoo her rilitives. There was the mother, died in the prime of her life; there was the father, wint mad with sorrow, and took himself off to foreign parts, where he wint and died. Thin, there was this elder sister. Whin Mr. Mordaunt died, Mr. Wyverne stipped forward and took the two poor orphans under his own protection. He didn't take them into his own house, because it wasn't convaynent, owing to family diffieculties of his own with his wife; but he put the two orphans in good hands, as I can tistify. He was as good as a father to them. He took care of their little means, and, for that matter, ye might say he gave it to them."

"What became of this elder sister?" asked Kane Hellmuth, in a scarcely audible voice.

"It was a very sade fate, the saddest I iver knew," said the priest. "Mr. Wyverne had determined to give her the best education possible, and sint her to a boarding-school in Paris."

"Well?"

"Well, it's almost too sad to talk about. Remember, she was very young—a mere choild—not over sixteen, and that, too, in a Frinch school, where gyerruls are so secludid. Well, it happened that some prowling adventurer—some unprincipled and fiendish deludherin' riptolle—managed to make her acquaintance. Ye know the ind of that. There is only one ind. That ind was hers. Clara Mordaunt was ruined by the macheconnections

of a scoundril that I hope and trust is ayvin now gittin his jew in this life or the other."

At this, Kane Hellmuth's face turned to a ghastly pallor. It was hard indeed for him to listen to this, and yet say nothing.

"I have heard something about it," said he. "A friend of mine once told me, some years ago, but he said they were married."

"Married!" said the priest, with a sneer. "There were no pains taken to lit the marriage be known, at any rate, and the scandal about her was as bad as if she had not been. No, depend upon it, there was no marriage. She was run away with. It was the old story, and it came to the same ind."

"The end? what was the end?" gasped Hellmuth.

"The villain deserted her, and—"

"He did not!" cried Hellmuth, in a terrible voice, starting up and looking at the priest.

"I only say what I've heard, and what the frinds of the poor gyerrul have heard and have believed," said the priest, mildly. "Perhaps ye know more about it than I do. If ye were livin' in Paris that toime, ye might have found out, and in that case ye can tell me."

Kane Hellmuth made a mighty effort, and regained his self-control.

"Excuse me," said he; "but years ago I saw the man that you speak of. He was my friend. He said that he was married."

The priest shrugged his shoulders incredulously.

"Oh, of course, he said so," he remarked; "that's what they always say. At any rate, there is the fact that she was virtually betrayed, deserted, and died the worst of deaths, brought down to that by a brokin heart. What matter his impty protistations about farrums of matremoney, I ask ye, in the face of sich a catastrophe as that?"

To this Kane Hellmuth made no answer. He came to get information, not to argue or to apologize. He knew better than any other what was the actual extent of the guilt of that man of whom the priest spoke so severely; but he had no heart to offer an apology. Was not the deed itself full of horror? had it not crushed his life down into the dust of never-ending self-reproach?

"Did she die?" he asked, in a faint voice, returning to the subject.

"She did, and by the worst of deaths. She died—and—by her own hand."

The priest paused. Kane Hellmuth listened breathlessly. At last the revelation was coming.

"It was found out by their landlord, who told her frinds afterward all about it. According to his story, the two had high words together that morning. Toward ayvenin' he suspectid something, and knocked at the dure. There was no answer, which made him break open the dure. There he saw a sight that filled him with horror. The poor gyerrul lay did, stone did, on the dure, and the scoundril that had killed her was in some drunken fit on a sofa, or in bed. He was sint off to his frinds—she was buried. He disappeared, and I hope he's did. I wouldn't like to be sittin' near that man. Priest though I am, I fear I should feel a murderous inclination

stealing over me. I wouldn't have any confidence in meself, at all at all—not me. Ye say ye're his frind. Can ye tell me what became of him?"

"He's dead," said Kane Hellmuth, in a faint, choking voice.

"Dead? Thin I hope he killed himself. That was the best thing left for him to do after killing that poor gyerrul."

At this Kane Hellmuth bowed down his head, and buried his face in his hands. Was there any thing more now for him to learn? Was not this enough, this confident declaration of Father Magrath? Did he wish any more? Could he venture to go into details about such a subject, and ask the particulars of that most terrible of tragedies from a man like this, who uttered words that pierced like daggers? That were too hard a task. The information which he had already gained seemed sufficient.

"Her frinds," continued the priest, still pursuing the train of thought which had been started, "buried her, and strove to save her name from stain by putting the name of the man on the stone, just as if he had been her husband. And so, if ye iver go to the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, ye'll see on that stone, not the name of *Clara Mordaunt* but *Clara Ruthven*. Ruthven, ye know, is the name of the villain that killed her."

At this a deep groan burst from Kane Hellmuth.

"Sure, ye don't seem well," said the priest, in a tone which was meant to express sympathy. "Won't ye take some more whiskey? Try it—neat. Its moighty iffictive, whin taken that way, for dispilling mintal deprission, and shuperinjewcing a contint-mint and placidity of moind."

Kane Hellmuth shook his head.

"Well," said the priest, "I'll power out a thimbleful for meself, for the subject is a distrissing one intirely. And so ye say," he continued, "that this man is a frind of yours, or was? Sure, and I'd like to know, thin, is he alive now?"

Kane Hellmuth drew a deep breath.

"He's dead," said he again, in a hollow voice.

"Dead! Oh, yis. So ye said before. Whin did he die?"

"Ten years ago," said Kane Hellmuth.

"Tin years ago! Why, that was the same toime!"

"He died when she died," said Kane Hellmuth, in the same tone.

"Sure, and I nivir heard a word of that afore. And what was it that he died of? Min, like that, don't often die off so aisy. They live long, whin their betters die; and that's the way of the wurruld. What was it that he died of, thin?"

"He killed himself," said Kane Hellmuth, in harsh, discordant tones, that seemed wrung out of him.

"Killed himself!" repeated the priest. "Well, it's well he did; for, if that man were alive now at this moment, it would be enough to make poor Clara rise from her grave."

These last words were too much. Thus far this priest had shown an astonishing capacity for saying things that cut his companion to the very soul, and saying them, too, in a cas-

ual, off-hand, unconscious way, as if they were elicited by the subject of their conversation. It had been hard for Kane Hellmuth to endure it thus far, but he could endure it no longer. These last words summed up briefly the whole horror of his present situation, to avert which, or to escape from which, he had made this journey.

He started to his feet. He did not look at the priest.

"I'm much obliged to you," said he, "for the information which you have given."

At this the priest stared at him in astonishment, which, if not real, was certainly well feigned.

"What's this?" he said, "what's this? Why, man! What d'ye mane? Ye can't be going! And the ayvenin' not fairly begun."

"I must go now," said Kane Hellmuth, abruptly, in a hoarse voice. "My—my time is limited." He stood swaying backward and forward, his face ghastly, his eyes glazed, and staring wildly at vacancy. He did not see the keen glance of the priest as he earnestly regarded him.

Kane Hellmuth staggered toward the door. The priest followed.

"Sure," said he, "it's sick ye are. And ye won't take another glass? Perhaps, ye'd like cognac. In the name of wonder, what's come over ye, man? Take some cognac, or ye'll niver get home. Sure, and I'll niver let ye go this way. Wait, and get some cognac. Faith, and ye must wait, thin."

Saying this, the priest laid his hand on Kane Hellmuth's arm, and drew him back. Kane Hellmuth stood with a dazed look in his eyes, and an expression of anguish on his face. The priest hurried to the sideboard, and, pouring out a tumbler nearly full of cognac, offered it to his companion, who took it eagerly and gulped it down. The fiery draught seemed to bring him back to himself, out of that temporary state of semi-unconsciousness into which he had fallen. His eyes fell upon the priest, and the wild light faded out of them.

"Pardon me, sir," said he, in a perfectly cool and courteous manner, which offered a striking contrast to the tone of his voice but a minute before. "I am subject to spasms of the heart, and I'm afraid I've caused you some alarm. But they do not last long, and your kind and prompt assistance has helped me."

"Won't ye sit down again, thin?" said the priest, earnestly, "and finish the ayvenin'?"

"You're very kind," said Kane Hellmuth, "but, after this attack, I might have another, and, under the circumstances, I think I had better go."

"Won't ye stay and rest, thin, till ye feel stronger?" persisted the priest.

"Thank you," said Kane Hellmuth, "but I require the open air just now. A walk of a mile or so is the best thing for me. I shall, therefore, bid you good-by, with many thanks for your courtesy."

Saying this, he held out his hand. The priest took it and shook it heartily.

"I won't say good-by," said the priest. "We'll meet again, I hope. So I'll say au revoir."



"*Au revoir*," said Kane Hellmuth, courteously, falling in with the priest's mood.

They thus shook hands, and Kane Hellmuth departed.

The priest accompanied him to the door. He then returned to the room. He poured out a fresh glass of toddy, lighted a fresh pipe, and then, flinging himself into an arm-chair, sat meditating, smoking, and sipping toddy, far into the night.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### MORDAUNT MANOR.

SEVERAL miles away from Keswick, Cumberland, lay some extensive estates, surrounding a first-class country-house, known as Mordaunt Manor. About a fortnight after the departure of Inez for the Continent, a solitary horseman stopped at the gates of Mordaunt Manor, and was admitted by the porter.

A broad avenue lay before him, winding onward amid groves and meadows, lined on each side by majestic trees, among which clouds of rooks were fluttering and screaming. Riding along this avenue for about a mile, he at length came in sight of the manor-house. It was a stately edifice, in a style which spoke of the days of the Restoration and Queen Anne—one of those massive and heavy houses which might have been built by a disciple of Vanbrugh, or Vanbrugh himself—a false classicism employed for domestic purposes, and therefore thoroughly out of place, yet, on the whole, undeniably grand. There were gardens around, which still had that artificial French character that was loved by those who reared this edifice. There was any quantity of box-wood vases, and plants out to resemble animals, and a complete population of nymphs and Olympian gods.

The horseman dismounted, at length, and, throwing the bridle to one of the servants, ascended the steps and entered the house. He gave his name as Sir Gwyn Ruthven.

Sir Gwyn Ruthven seemed to be an average young man of the period. He was under twenty-five years of age, of medium height, with regular features, brown hair cut short and parted in the middle, side-whiskers not extravagantly long, bright, animated eyes, and genial smile. An eye-glass dangled from his button-hole, and a general air of easy self-possession pervaded him.

Two ladies were in the drawing-room as he entered. One of these was an elderly personage, with a face full of placidity, self-content, and torpid good-nature. The other was a young lady, whose vivid blue eyes, golden hair all flowing in innumerable crimps and frizzles, *retroussé* nose, perpetual smile, and animated expression, could belong to no other person in the world than Bessie Mordaunt.

Bessie had already risen, and greeted the new-comer with the cordial air of an old acquaintance. She then introduced her companion, who seemed to act in the general capacity of *duenna*, guardian, chaperon, guide, philosopher, and friend.

"Let me make you acquainted with my dearest auntie—Mrs. Hicks Lugin."

"I could scarcely believe what I heard," said Sir Gwyn. "I had no idea that the Miss Mordaunt of Mordaunt Manor was you; but, from what they told me, I saw it must be. Even then I could hardly believe that I should be so fortunate as to have you for so near a neighbor; and so, you see, I've dropped ceremony, and come at once, without giving you time to rest after the fatigues of your journey. But, 'pon my life, Miss Mordaunt, I couldn't help it; and it's awfully good in you, you know, to see me."

To this Bessie listened with her archest look and merriest smile. It was evident that they were very good friends, and that the pleasure which Sir Gwyn so plainly expressed was not disagreeable to her.

"Sure," said she, "a month ago this day I hadn't the least idea I'd be here now; and I don't know what to make of it at all, at all. But it was so very, very sad about poor, dear Mr. Wyverne! It almost makes me cry. But, then, you know, it's such a comfort to be with my dearest auntie again!"

Sir Gwyn looked at her admiringly.

"You vanished out of London so suddenly, you know," said he, "that I began to think I should never see you again. And Mr. Wyverne—ah!—yes—very sad—to be sure—as you say. I suppose, however, he was no relative—"

Bessie sighed.

"No, not a relative," said she; "but then, you know, he was always so awfully kind to me, and he was my dear old guardy, and, really, I loved him almost like—like—an uncle, you know; and it's myself that was fairly heart-broken—when—when I lost him."

Another sigh followed. It was a mournful theme, and Sir Gwyn's face was full of sympathy for this lovely mourner.

"How is Miss Wyverne?" he asked, gently.

Bessie sighed, and shook her pretty little head.

"She feels it very, very deeply," said she, "of course—she is such a very affectionate nature—and it was all so awfully sudden, you know! I was so anxious for her to come here with me—poor darling!—but I couldn't get her to do so. And it's fairly dead with grief she is this day. I told her how I sympathized with her, but it was no use. Oh, yes, Sir Gwyn! it's myself that knows what it is to lose a papa, and a dear mamma, too, by the same token; for I've been through it all, and it's awfully sad. It almost makes me cry."

At this Sir Gwyn looked deeply distressed, and tried to change the conversation.

"I suppose," said he, "Miss Mordaunt, you have not been here for a long time?"

"No," said Bessie, "not since I was a child. It's perfectly strange to me. I don't remember one single thing about it. But I was so very, very young, you know—a child in arms, positively! So, of course, I remember nothing. I was taken away to France, you know."

"To France?" repeated Sir Gwyn, in some surprise.

He knew nothing about the history of Bessie's life, and was quite eager to get her to tell something about a subject which was evidently so deeply interesting to him.

"Yes," said Bessie; "and so, as I was taken away so early, I really know nothing whatever about Mordaunt Manor, though it is my own sweet home. My dearest auntie knows all about it, and many's the time she's took up whole days telling me about my ancestors."

At this Sir Gwyn regarded Mrs. Hicks Lugin with a bland and benevolent smile, as though her close connection with Bessie was of itself enough to give her interest in his eyes.

"Perhaps you don't know, then," said he, with a smile, "that I am your nearest neighbor. I should have told you that in London, if I had only known it."

"Oh, auntie told me," said Bessie.

"I hope," said Sir Gwyn, "that Mordaunt Manor won't be any the less pleasant to you on that account."

"Well," said Bessie, with a droll smile, "there's no knowing. You may be after finding me a disagreeable neighbor, and, before we know it, we may be engaged in litigation with each other. And I never knew till yesterday, and I think it's the awfulest, funniest thing!"

"It's a remarkable coincidence," said Mrs. Hicks Lugin, suddenly, after a period of deep thought, "and one, my dear Bessie, which, I may say, is as pleasant as it is remarkable."

There was some degree of abruptness in this speech, and in the tone of Mrs. Hicks Lugin there was something that was a little stiff and "school-ma'amish," but Sir Gwyn was too amiable to criticise the tone of a kindly remark, and was too well pleased to think of such a thing. He looked more benignly than ever at Mrs. Hicks Lugin, and a thought came to him that she was a very admirable sort of woman.

"Oh, thanks," he laughed, "but really when you come to talk of pleasure about this discovery, I am dumb. Pleasure isn't the word. I assure you Ruthven Towers will know a great deal more of me now than it has thus far. I've been deserting it too much. It's a pity, too; for it is one of the finest places in the country. Perhaps some day I may hope to have the honor of showing it to you and your—your amiable aunt. I'm awfully sorry that I have no one there to do the honors, but you know I'm alone in the world, like yourself, Miss Mordaunt."

Saying this, Sir Gwyn looked at her with very much tenderness of expression and a world of eloquent suggestiveness in his eye.

"How very, very funny—that is, sad!" said Bessie, hastily correcting herself.

"That," remarked Mrs. Hicks Lugin, with her usual abruptness, "is a circumstance which can easily be remedied."

This remark conveyed a meaning to Sir Gwyn which, though not in very good taste, was nevertheless so very agreeable to him that his face flushed with delight, and he thought more highly of Mrs. Hicks Lugin than ever. But Bessie did not seem to apprehend its implied meaning in the slightest degree.

"Ruthven Towers," she said; "what a perfectly lovely name—so romantic, you know—and I do hope, Sir Gwyn, that it is a dear



old romantic ruin. I'm so awfully fond of ruins!"

"No," said Sir Gwyn. "I'm very sorry, but, unfortunately, it's in excellent preservation."

"How very, very sad!" said Bessie. "I do so dote on old ruins!"

At this Sir Gwyn looked pained. For the moment he actually regretted that his grand old home was not a heap of ruins, so that he might have the happiness of gratifying the romantic enthusiasm of this lovely girl.

"Ruins," interrupted Mrs. Hicks Lugin, "may be very congenial to the artistic taste, but, for a young man that has life before him, there is nothing so wholesome as a whole house over his head."

This remark Sir Gwyn entirely approved of, and acknowledged it by another of his benignant smiles.

The conversation now wandered off to other things. Sir Gwyn and Bessie had much to say about the last London season. He had met her then, and had seen her several times, during which interviews he had gained a friendly footing, and had begun to manifest for her an interest very much deeper than usual, which Bessie could not have been altogether ignorant of. Upon the present occasion he was evidently most eager to avail himself of all the advantages which grew out of this former acquaintance; combined with the additional advantages of his position in the county, and his close neighborhood to her, it gave him occasion to offer her many little services. He knew all about Mordaunt, and could tell her all about it. He could also show her Ruthven Towers. These were the things that first occurred to him as being at once most desirable, most pleasant, and most natural, under the circumstances.

Bessie's chaperon seemed to be pleased with Sir Gwyn's polite attentions, but Bessie herself was very non-committal. She spoke of the necessity of seclusion, and alluded to the death of her guardian as something which she ought to observe in some way commensurate with her own grief. Sir Gwyn, upon this, was too delicate to press the matter, and postponed it until another time.

"English country-life," said Bessie, in the course of these remarks, "is a strange thing to me entirely. I've never seen any thing of it, at all, at all; and really it will be quite a new world to the likes of me. I was so young when I was taken to France, you know, Sir Gwyn, and all that I know of English country-life is what I have heard from dear auntie—isn't it, auntie, dearest?"

"Your observations are entirely correct," said Mrs. Hicks Lugin.

"Then let me hope," said Sir Gwyn, politely, "that you will find it as pleasant as London life."

"Oh, I'm sure I found London life perfectly charming," said Bessie, with enthusiasm. "And you know I had just come from France, and you may imagine what a change it was."

"You must have lived there all your life."

"Yes," said Bessie. "It was at St. Malo. Have you ever been there, Sir Gwyn?"

"No, never."

"Oh, it's such a perfectly charming

place," said Bessie, "and it's more like my home than any other place. It's so lovely. And I was taken there when I was—oh, only the littlest mite of a little thing, and lived there till only a year ago, Sir Gwyn, and sure it was myself that had the sore heart when poor, dear, darling guardy came to take me away, so it was."

"I'm sure it must have been," said Sir Gwyn, in tones full of tenderest sympathy.

"I'm sure it was awfully sad to lose my papa and mamma," said Bessie, mournfully, "but to lose my home seemed worse, so it did; and that's why I feel so awfully sorry about my poor, darling Iny. Not but that she has a home—but then it doesn't seem like it at all, at all."

"I suppose not," said Sir Gwyn.

"And it's worse for poor, dear, darling Iny than it is for me," continued Bessie, "for you know she has no one, and I have my other dear guardy, my poor mamma's dear papa, you know, Sir Gwyn. And he's the very nicest person! You can't imagine!"

Sir Gwyn looked as if he were trying to imagine, but was unable.

"You know her, my own dear, darling Iny—do you not, Sir Gwyn?"

"Iny? You mean Miss Wyverne?"

"Yes—Inez her name is—the same name as mine, you know," continued Bessie, gently and sadly.

"The same as yours!" exclaimed Sir Gwyn. "Why, I thought that yours was Elizabeth? I remember Miss Wyverne, of course, and she always called you Bessie."

As Sir Gwyn uttered this name there was an indescribable tenderness in the tone of his voice which did not by any means escape the notice of Miss Bessie, but she gave no sign to that effect. She merely went on, in a calm way:

"Oh, yes; she always insisted on calling me Bessie. She said it was awkward for both of us to be Iny. My name, you know, is Inez Elizabeth—Inez Elizabeth Mordaunt."

"I think Inez is a perfectly beautiful name," said Sir Gwyn, enthusiastically.

"So do I, surely," said Bessie; "it is so entirely. In France they all called me Inez, but dear, darling Iny set the fashion of calling me Bessie; and, after all, it would have been awkward to have two in the house named Inez, and so it was nothing else but Bessie, Miss Bessie, and so I grew to love that name, because I loved so the dear, darling friends who called me by it. Still, I think Inez is awfully lovely, and it's uncommon and romantic. Dear, darling Iny and I are second cousins, and Inez is a family name, you know, so we both had it."

All this was news to Sir Gwyn, of course, who, as he said, had heard her called "Bessie," and had always thought of her under that name. Still, "Inez" was undeniably a beautiful name, and Miss Mordaunt was no less lovely under this sweet foreign name than she had been under the plainer one of "Bessie." He lamented that he was not at liberty to make use of either one of these names and call her by it. The time for that, however, had hardly come as yet, and he could only indulge in the hope that it might come before very long.

This preference which Bessie expressed for the name "Inez," was also sanctioned and solemnly confirmed by Mrs. Hicks Lugin, who said, in her characteristic manner:

"My dear, your preference is every way justifiable, and you should insist now on all your friends calling you by the name for which you yourself have so decided a preference."

When Sir Gwyn at length took his departure, it was in a state of mind that may be described as made up of exultation, expectation, anticipation, elevation, and all other "ations" which go to set forth the state of mind which humanity experiences under the stimulus of Love's young dream. Already, in that London season above referred to, he had been smitten with Bessie's charms; and, though her absence had weakened this effect to some extent, yet now the sight of her face more than revived these old feelings. The circumstances under which he now saw her tended to deepen this effect. She was in a *quasi* state of mourning. She announced that she intended to keep herself secluded, for a time at least, and avoid the gayeties of society. Her "mourning" was thus deep enough to keep her restricted within the very sphere where she would be most accessible to him. Her face now seemed to him more piquant than ever; the perpetual smile which Nature had stamped upon her lips did not readily adapt itself to a sombre expression of grief; and thus Bessie's attempts to look bereaved and afflicted were only successful in so far as they served to call up to her face a new expression, and one, too, of a very attractive kind. The circumstances that had thus brought her here and given him such access to her, could not be regarded by him with any other feelings than those of the deepest satisfaction; and he determined to avail himself to the very utmost of the rare privileges which chance had accorded to him.

And so Sir Gwyn, on the very next day, found a pretext for riding over to Mordaunt Manor. He found Bessie as cordial as ever.

She received him with a smile, that bewitched him, and with a simple frank friendliness that was most touching. She told him it was "awfully kind" in him to come to see her again when she was so lonely. She remarked that Mordaunt Manor was "awfully stupid," with other things of the same kind. Mrs. Hicks Lugin also chimed in with similar sentiments. On this visit Sir Gwyn ventured to hint at a drive through the country. Mrs. Hicks Lugin thought that it would benefit Bessie's health, and that a companion like Sir Gwyn, who knew all the history of the county, would be a benefit to the minds of both of them.

The drive was very successful, and was repeated. In a few days Bessie went out riding with Sir Gwyn, first confining herself to the park, and afterward going into the outer world. Then it began to be interrupted, for the great world was in motion, and everybody who pretended to be anybody was hurrying to Mordaunt Manor to welcome its lovely young mistress to her ancestral home and to her native county.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A VISIT TO ST-BERNARD.

IT was on Tuesday, the 18th of June, that we set out from Bex upon our jaunt to St-Bernard. Perhaps you do not know this Vaudois village of Bex, and, if so, I counsel you immediately to make acquaintance with the charming *pension*, Mon Chalet, in the rear of the dull town itself, just off the Rhone Railway, and almost under the eaves of the triple-peaked Dent du Midi. All that Nature can lend to this secluded resting-place, in the way of roses, honeysuckles, fountains, the brawling glacier-stream Avençon, dashing merrily down to meet the Rhone, beside it an *entourage* of waving fields, filled with bright Swiss flowers, and everywhere views that fill the heart with pleasure, is lent to grace Mon Chalet.

We would sit under the shadow of the climbing rose-vines, clad in muslin morning-gowns, and eat Alpine strawberries and snow-balls brought by the gentlemen of our party from their early walk upon the mountain-side! From the front piazza a view of the distant glaciers of St-Bernard, rosy-red at sunset, tempted us daily; and, although warned by a letter from the superintendent at the hospice (written in answer to inquiries) of severe cold, and the prospect of a two-hours' tramp across the snow, in consequence of the early season, we were rash enough to go.

Our captain was the Rev. Mr. P——, a clergyman of the Church of England, well-bred, accomplished in all things scholarly, and rather proud of the fact that his Christianity is of the muscular order. Mr. S——, a young son of Albion, travelling under his charge; Mr. P——, an ex-Indian officer, off duty in consequence of a late sunstroke; Mrs. M——, a very agreeable Englishwoman, and myself, make up the party.

We have tea and toast in the breakfast-room at half-past five a. m. We are half awake, and, borne down with alpenstocks, overcoats, and wraps, brandy-flasks and herbariums, sketching-books and patent lunch-boxes, we rattle through the stony streets of Bex, in the Mon Chalet omnibus, pick up our captain at the Bureau des Postes, whither he had gone in advance to telegraph to Martigny for guides, and are penned in the station waiting-room, until up comes the train marked "Ligne d'Italie," and the severe guard consents to set us free. We pack ourselves into a compartment, where the glory of our party completely overshadows two mild young tourists, with knee-breeches and fancy alpenstocks, who diligently read Bradshaw through all the most striking parts of the scenery.

In five minutes we are at St-Maurice. This is the gateway from Protestant Vaud to Catholic Valais; and, where the Roman faith begins its reign, begins all the picturesque decay that marks the latter canton. We skirt the Rhone, but I must say the waters are neither blue nor arrowy; it is, on the contrary, as dismal a stream as I ever saw, until it gets out of its bed in the lake at Geneva, and there runs away, blue and laughing as the summer heaven.

I like St-Maurice. There is a charm to

me about this ancient, steep-roofed village, hemmed in by the high mountain-walls, beyond which rise, clear cut and glittering, the snowy summits of the Dent du Midi. Perched upon the sheer precipice, hanging like a bird's nest over the village, is a tiny hermitage, where even now there dwells a holy man, to whose every penitents occasionally make a painful pilgrimage. The fine bridge here across the Rhone, a *grotte des fées* hard by, and a venerable abbey, make up the attractions of St-Maurice, as I found in a subsequent visit. On the face of the rocky palisade is a long white scar, where, not a great while ago, a huge boulder came crashing down from the summit, bringing destruction to several hapless homes beneath.

We soon reach the lovely Cascade des Salanches, which ranks fourth or fifth among Murray's water-falls, I believe, coming modestly in the wake of Giesbach, Staubbach, and company. The water falls two hundred and eighty feet direct, and has a rainbow trembling in its dusty spray. Close at hand is the Gorge du Trient. Here, by some mighty convulsion of Nature, the massive mountain-side is rift asunder from summit to base. We penetrated into the cool shadows, upon a little spider's thread of a bridge, fixed in the rock on either side, as it zigzags over the rushing torrent, into whose sullen depths one grows dizzy even to glance. Looking up—up, we catch, here and there, a faint glimpse of blue sky beneath the gray masses of rock, tapestried with ferns.

Here we part company with a gay bery of school-girls, from Lausanne, with lunch-baskets and "shining morning faces," bound for a fête-day at the Gorge.

We are at Martigny soon—Martigny, with its bluff over the river and ruined tower, which figure so generally in photographs, its depot for mules, *char-à-bancs*, and guides. Hence diverge two roads: one over the Forclaz, by the Tête Noire and Col de Balme, to Chamonix; the other following up the foamy Dranse to St-Bernard.

Awaiting us are François and Pierrot, two brothers, well known as guides, and highly recommended. They have every thing in readiness; swear to us, by the bones of their great-grandmother, that we have chosen the most beautiful day of all the year; and so cheer and inebriate our party with glowing prospects, that our spirits rise to fever-heat.

We pack into our two *chairs*, therefore, and drive merrily under a long avenue of horse-chestnuts to Martigny-le-Bourg, and, leaving behind the Chamonix sign-post, begin our ascent through the valley to our left.

"Voilà, mesdames!" said François, who had already begun to assume the duties of exhibitor, pointing, with an air of pride, to some object crouching in the tall grass upon the roadside, "I have the pleasure to introduce to your notice the worst case of goitre and cretinism we have in the Valais."

What a horrible sight was this monster, dwarfed and idiotic, barely able to lift his head, for the huge mass that lies upon his chest! Bah! it is like a nightmare after peaceful slumbers, and we look eagerly away to the green fields and sunny skies that lie before us.

But François was not to be baffled, and told us droll stories of a village procession, where all the goitres for miles around met together, bearing this poor creature we have seen upon a chair of state, wreathed with flowers, and looking down with scorn upon their neighbors, whom Nature had failed to adorn with their own proud pendant. "They call us the goose-necked, *nous autres*," said François, smilingly, "and they are mortified when the child of goitre parents grows up without a goitre!"

Near the village of St-Branchier, through which we are passing now, is the Château d'Étié, crowning a splendid peak.

"That would make the fortune of any English neighborhood," says our captain; "while here, it is thought little of."

A ruined Trappist convent next, where the wild-brier roses peep from the clefts of crumbling walls. Silence is assuredly the fitting tribute here, but it is not long preserved by our merry party, so we drive on to Orsières. The sun has beamed on us with tropical fervor, and the effect, with our High-Alp costumes, donned for the snows of St-Bernard, may be well imagined. With joy do we hail a friendly little hostelry, where we are not disappointed in finding rooms in which to make ourselves more comfortable. We stop here for the mules to bait, and the bells in an eleventh-century tower ring out a merry mid-day chime. Some of us meditate, others poetize, others—in fact, I may say all—eat ham-sandwiches and partake of claret-cup.

After this the road takes a sharper turn through fields of waving grain, where the glory of June appears in the richly-scattered blossoms; nodding *coquelicots* of brilliant scarlet; corn-flowers, blue as maidens' eyes; vetches, pink and purple, tangled in glowing wreaths.

We leave behind, as we think, the river Dranse, which has danced an accompaniment to our morning's progress. We pass a long stone building, which, they tell us, is one of the store-houses of St-Bernard, yet many a mile away. Across the deep gorge on our right are long lines of mountain-summits, scarred with the path of snow-falls and wood-slides; here and there, a snowy tip above them. Down in the bed of the gorge, hundreds of feet beneath, seen through the feathery fir-tops, winds the silver thread of a streamlet.

"This is also the Dranse," François says; and we continue to stumble upon this ubiquitous stream all day, which puts us in a geographical puzzle from which we never emerge.

A provoking little calf, followed by two black lambs, darted under the noses of our mules, and ran for a good mile, defying all shouts and lashes of the whip. It was an edifying spectacle to see our reverend captain finally descend from his perch, and, after a hot chase, with his Alpine-hat "weepers" streaming on the breeze, succeed in heading off the little vagabonds.

Getting upper and upper, like Longfellow's youth, we near Liddes, and catch our first view of Mont Vélan, lustrous as a huge sapphire in the sun.

We climb up the one steep street of Liddes, and stop at the Hôtel-de-l'Europe for

dinner. Albeit a dismal-enough inn for such an ambitious name, we discern in the Hôtel-de-l'Europe dim possibilities of a mutton-chop, and we fill up the time of waiting in what we satirically call "going to *finer* upon the boulevards."

Liddes has a quaint little church and a graveyard, where they have a fashion of laying all the little babies in a corner by themselves, away from the adult dead. It was sad to see this host of tiny graves, with the tawdry crosses, covered with wall-paper, and tied with bows of faded ribbon and ragged flowers. In the church was a marvellous dragon supporting the pulpit, a sketch of whose hideous grin we brought away with us.

An awful old cretin woman, with a goitre almost covering her breast, dogged our footsteps, grinning and gibbering. She was like old dog Tray in that nothing could drive her away, and every sketch we began she would thrust herself into the foreground, dancing, mumbling, and waving her skinny arms. When we returned through Liddes, there she was still, at the same old game.

*En route*, after dinner, and passing under the shadow of glorious Mont Vélan, we met village-groups decked with Alp-rose, the women wearing the high felt-hat, laced with gold, of the Valaisian coiffure. At St-Pierre, the last village on the road, some excavations were going on, and the antiquarians of our party were made happy by the discovery of a skull, which one of the workmen had just exhumed. It had a huge cut just over one eye-socket, and, sad commentary, was purchased for a franc by little Mr. S—, who declared that it was undoubtedly the property of an ancient Saracen! Saracen or not, we all cried out when this interesting relic was wrapped in an overcoat and put in the vacant lunch-basket!

Traces of Napoleon!—a mere goat-track it seems on the mountain-side above us as we bowl along comfortably on the capital modern highway. This is the path of the heroic Grande Armée! Here, with bleeding feet, toiled the brave soldiers; here, moved by sheer strength and iron resolution, passed the ponderous artillery, on to the jagged rocks and trackless snows of St-Bernard; and all in answer to the leader's brief "Partons!"

The scene now becomes infinitely wild and drear as we come out among the hills, bleak and treeless. Great Stonehenge piles of rock lie scattered about, and a few cows stray among them, cropping the short grass, and tinkling tiny bells, as the sunset falls upon us.

Up here another mountain-torrent, sparkling, joyous. What do I find but that it is that everlasting Dranse!

"Mais comment cela se peut-il?" we ask, hopelessly.

"It is another Dranse," François says; "there are several of them, *par ici*."

So we give it up.

The Cantine de Proz is the last spot of refuge before entering in upon the desert-wastes of St-Bernard.

Here we leave our chaise, and make ready for the mule-ride. We engage also a *porteur* for our traps, a jaunty fellow, with a blue

ribbon round his hat, and a sprig of Alp-rose stuck into it. We give alms to a blind old man with a goitre, who is led about by a superb dog of the St-Bernard breed. He invokes two or three dozen saints to speed us on our way; and now the play of our journey is over, and the work begins.

Perched upon our mules, a guide at the head of each, we look somewhat questioningly up at a narrow, slippery path, like the bed of a rivulet, which seems to rise above our heads. On one side the path is edged by a chasm fringed with snow and ice, into which a false step might plunge one irretrievably. The mules pick their way as if walking on eggs, and we feel, as we hang over the brink, like what Lamartine, in his gushing way, would call "a fly on the brow of eternity!"

And, before we are fifteen minutes on our road, comes rain; actually hard-pouring rain, after the blue skies under which we set out, rejoicing. Umbrellas are of no avail, for the wind tears them from us; so we wrap ourselves in our water-proofs, exchange a hearty laugh all round at our dismal cavalcade, and shut our eyes perforce, as the torrent increases. "Allons," says the cheerful François, "that is but part of what one must expect," and he gives a peculiar little soft call to his "Ketty," which seems to be the popular mule-tit in this part of the country. Ketty's sure feet press on over the ice-covered stones, and we try to be jolly under creditable circumstances.

All around are dazzling snows high-piled, and cold, gray rock-ranges hemming us in. It seems the valley of the shadow of death when we think of the number of poor wretches annually engulfed in these pathless solitudes; of the unguided footsteps, slipping from these dizzy heights; of the snow-whirlwinds that rise up suddenly and spin round the lost traveller, until his body is one coat of ice, and he lies down to sleep the everlasting slumber; of the fogs that lend their aid to the leagued powers of this valley; of the frequent, awful avalanche.

We pass a long, low stone building. It is the winter morgue, to which they sometimes carry the frozen bodies to remain till summer opens a pathway to the outer world. Tall stakes mark the regular route (which visitors ordinarily take) to our left, but that is still snow-shrouded, so that we are forced to leave the mules here to be sent back to the Cantine, and go on our way afoot.

The rain has ceased. We toss our drenched water-proofs to the *porteur*, and spring gladly from the saddle. We announce our determination to be thoroughly delighted with the two-hours' walk in prospect, looking up at the track of single footsteps, left by some servants of the hospice, in which we are to follow.

François smiles knowingly. "Ces dames will have enough of it before their walk is over."

And so they had, truth to tell, François. At this distance of time and space, we may confess what nothing would have induced us to admit then. For every step forward, there were two steps back; the intense cold brought all the blood tingling to the surface of the skin, and the tongue became distressingly

dry. François was as stubborn as one of his own mules about allowing us to stop and rest, nor would he indulge us in eating snow. I regret to add, that we were driven for consolation to a universal brandy-flask, which hung upon somebody's shoulder, and which had provoked much scorn from the ladies earlier in the day.

Mrs. M—'s English training came out famously here, and, accompanied by François, she was first to reach the steep snow-hill, behind whose crest the hospice lies concealed. We watched her going up, tugged along by the guide, until her blue veil and red petticoat were a mere blot upon the glittering surface. François came sliding back for me presently, and, catching the end of his staff, after an exercise of climbing and slipping back, wonderful to experience, I found myself, I never knew how, save that the hand that guided me was firm as steel, drawing breath on top.

Here we are, eight thousand two hundred feet above sea-level, on the crest of St-Bernard, right in the shadow of the old hospice. Far away, midway on the mountain-side, is a track, like a dark ribbon wound upon the snow. There, a few nights ago, says François, passed a *contrebandier*, with smuggled wine from Italy.

We find Mrs. M— laughing and blushing, in the *salle-à-manger*, whither a kind father immediately ushers us. When François left her there to return for me, one of the brethren, catching sight of this solitary young woman in fashionable garb, standing outside the door, came with astonishment to the rescue, and stammered forth:

"Is it possible, mademoiselle, that you have come here all alone?"

Poor Mrs. M— was so confounded that she could hardly find words to explain herself; but, when the explanation did come, the holy father laughed so merrily as to upset her ideas of monkish austerity.

The *clavendier*, whose business it is to receive strangers, dismissed us at once to our rooms, with the injunction to plunge our feet in cold water, which we found an infinite relief. Our skin felt as if pricked by a thousand needles—our hearts beat, almost literally, in our mouths. I never was so tired in my life. Mrs. M— and I had chambers adjoining, long and narrow, with tiny double windows, and furnished, as some traveller has said, "like the chamber of the three bears," with three curtained beds, three mirrors, three wash-bowls, and three towels. A buried-alive-looking woman busied herself with making us a fire, rather an expensive luxury up there, where every stick has to be brought on mule-back from Aosta or St-Pierre.

We felt abominably sleepy when we all met around the fire in the large refectory where the *clavendier* did us the honors of St-Bernard. The monks' dinner was over, but we had ours very soon, the *clavendier* himself waiting upon us with genuine courtly grace, although a man-servant was in attendance.

We could not induce him to be seated. It was his pleasure, he said, courteously; but he joined us in a glass of very good wine, presented to the hospice by the King of Sardinia.



The *salle-à-manger* contained a piano, presented by the Prince of Wales, and a melodeon, the gift of some American admirer, I believe. After dinner the clavendier asked for some music, which he gave him, under difficulties, being scarcely able to keep our eyes open, or our wits about us.

How soundly one sleeps at St-Bernard! I lay in a sort of delicious, half-awake state at five o'clock next morning, listening to a chorus of monks, and the swell of the chapel-organ. The deep tone of the monastery-bell had chimed in so with my slumbers that it hardly stirred me. The gentlemen of our party had considered it a point of honor to get up and go to the matins, but we made one or two vain efforts, and gave it up.

There was a tremendous howling and barking outside, and we peeped through the narrow casement to see the morning-revel of the dogs, as they rioted in the snow in maddest merriment. Our first visit was to them, of course; and our friend, the clavendier, soon had the whole noisy troop about our knees, presenting paws gravely, as their successive names were mentioned. They are all heathen deities, from Jupiter, the patriarch among the dogs, down to Mars, the youngest, biggest, handsomest, most rebellious. He is a superb white fellow, full of tricks, and, as the *mauvais sujet* of that distinguished family, is perpetually getting the rod. Mars's worst habit is to wait until his grandfather, Jupiter—who, in virtue of his dignity, has the warmest bed of all—is safely asleep, and then to sit upon the poor old fellow, and worry him into turning out, when the disrespectful youngster takes his place.

"These are our children," the good monk said, patting his "braves," as he called them, lovingly.

We breakfasted on Swiss honey, clear as amber, white bread from the Italian valley, pure coffee, and hard-frozen blocks of butter made at the hospice. The cows, by-the-way, are kept all the year round in an underground stable, except for a little while in August, when they can venture to let them out.

"When the poor beasts are turned out into the sunlight," said the clavendier, "they reel and stagger like drunken creatures for a while!"

After breakfast we make the grand tour of inspection, first in the chapel, where there is a fine mural bass-relief, erected by Napoleon to the memory of General Desaix. The clavendier summons a young monk to play upon the organ for us, and then modestly asks if it would be presumption to beg the favor of hearing a lady's voice within the walls of their sanctuary.

How strange it seems to be singing the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini in this chill little chapel of St-Bernard, up among the everlasting snows! The clavendier stands listening reverently, while down below, upon the marble floor, François, Pierrot the *porteur*, and some of the servants of the hospice, kneel at their morning devotions.

We drop our alms into a poor-box at the chapel-door, taking care to deposit as many gold-pieces as would be required for a night's lodging at a city hotel; for in voluntary contributions such as this the good

brothers of St-Bernard alone receive their recompense for free hospitality to the traveller.

We visit the library, the collection of coins and relics from an ancient temple of Jupiter, and a room filled with paintings, presented by all sorts of grandees, among which the clavendier points out one, with a smile:

"This is the popular conception of the dogs of St-Bernard."

The picture represents the dog with a basket suspended to his neck, standing over the body of an inanimate sufferer on the brink of a pool of water in which reeds and flags are growing, while all around rise mountains of snow!

"We rarely go out ourselves," said the brother, "and the dogs never go alone. They are accompanied always by the men-servants belonging to the hospice, and by their wonderful instinct in scenting out the track of a human body lead the way direct to the spot where aid is needed. All through the terrible winter-months they go out daily, and many are the lives we are able to save, under God."

"And yourselves, *mon père*—is not the cold, and the rigor of your lives, almost more than you can bear?"

"In the Lenten season we feel it most. Then the necessary *jours maigres* and frequent fasts make it much more painful. We have the appetite of two ordinary men in this temperature. You have observed, perhaps, that most of the brethren here are young men. It is because the severity of our daily regimen almost always shortens the span of our lives; very rarely do we survive middle age, though, when the constitution begins to show marks of decay, a brother is always allowed to depart to a refuge established at Martigny, there to end his days in peace."

"But why do you not go out for exercise?"

"Because it is against the rules, ever since one of the brethren lost his life in climbing over a *crevasse* in search of a snow-flower for his herbarium. The prior has been very strict with his careless children ever since then."

We went on to the morgue, a desolate spot, where among other bodies was that of a woman with a little babe frozen to her bosom, found many a month ago, and never yet reclaimed.

We walked around the lake, then covered with ice and snow, followed the path down into the Aosta Valley, and in a few moments we stood in Italy, eagerly gazing about for the fine views of which we had come in search. Where were they? Enveloped, alas! in a thick veil of mountain-fog.

We visited the upper hall, in which is a tablet commemorating the visit of their beloved Napoleon; trifled with the visitors' books, where we found many names of many nations, with glowing testimonials of delight in their reception; and, as François grew impatient, hastened to pack our small kits for the return.

The kind clavendier sped us on our way with many a cheerful word. The prior ap-

peared to bid us farewell; and, as we stood again on the snow-crest, and looked our last at the great, prison-like hospice, there they were, waving handkerchiefs.

It seemed like coming back to life and light, looking down into the valley before us, where the sun had burst out gloriously. The descent of the snow-hill was a much easier matter than the tiresome ascent had proved. François gave me the end of his staff, wrapped me up in a water-proof, and suggested a slide down, to which I rather rashly assented—for such a rush as I made! In my wild career, my alpenstock, flying out, became entangled in the ankles of quiet little Mr. S—, and away he went, charging into the midst of the other group, upsetting somebody else, so that we all reached the bottom in a rather less dignified manner than we had proposed. The adventure went to embellish every sketch-book of the party.

Such a walk as we had, too, back to the Cantine! The blue sky, the keen air, the sense of life and freedom upon emerging from those sad monastery-walls, were a joyful inspiration. We laughed, we sung like children, passing over streaks of the curious red snow, under rocks where the snow had melted to give passage to a tuft of nodding violets.

Gentians, those deep-blue beauties of the higher Alps; wonderful anemones quivering upon a hair-like stem; pink heather, carpeting the rocks; tall, sword-like ferns; rare mosses and lichens; the peculiar *Linaria Alpina*, or, to use its prettier German name, the *Gletscherblume*, purple and red; clustering Alp-rose, with its shining green leaves, bronzed on the under side—all these, and many more, we add to our glowing bouquets and rich herbaria.

In another hour the perpetual winter was left behind, and we revelled in a cloudless day of "bridal June." By good fortune, it was the great fête-day of all the year in the canton—the "Corps de Dieu," or "Fête-Dieu," as they call it. From St-Pierre down, every village was alive with holiday folk bearing green boughs. Birnam wood had come to Dunsinane, indeed! Every doorway was adorned with leafy verdure, and the windows were aglow with fuschia-bells and red geraniums.

The militia were out in full force, a straggling company drawn up in each village, which I should have been glad to have Mr. Darley there to draw. The hill-sides were full of trooping peasants, and the very fields seemed to have donned new bravery for the occasion, displaying a rain of poppies, marguerites, and corn-flowers. The flax-patches rippled like tranquil seas under the softest of summer breezes. Girdling all these fair valley-pictures, rose the green chain of hills; higher still, the sparkling majesty of the eternal snows.

At St-Branchier we have a salute from a rusty old cannon, which startles our mules into a gallop. We create a great sensation, we fancy, our hats laden with flowers, the *chairs* filled with branches, and our young gentlemen waving their hats upon the ends of their alpenstocks at all the pretty girls.

So we had seen St-Bernard, and slept all

night in one of the highest inhabited spots in the world.

A little yellow-covered volume, "La Vie de St.-Bernard," sold for the benefit of the hospice, contains an anecdote so illustrative of votive gratitude that I must insert it here:

"A rich notary of Aosta, afflicted with a toothache that threatened to induce brain-fever, was suddenly cured by invoking St.-Bernard, and offering upon his tomb twenty-eight beautiful waxen teeth, each one weighing a pound."

Good brothers of St.-Bernard! true heroes! far away do we offer you our heart-felt praise and reverence!

CONSTANCE C. HARRISON.

## WANTED—A HOME.

A CLEVER man used to say that the best business property in New York would be a block of hall bedrooms. This seems a shallow remark, but there is a good deal of practical sense in it. It means that we need cheap and independent lodgings for people who do not care to show themselves in surroundings where neither their tastes nor their society would be in keeping. The class meant are salaried people, single folks on a thousand or fifteen hundred a year, and those with families living on twice these sums; also those whose incomes exceed these to any amount, but who prefer to expend them in the gratification of rare and expensive tastes rather than ostentatious house-keeping. The question is, how to combine the two desired results of comfort and economy under existing conditions; for nearly every proposed reform in this direction is too much of a Communist experiment, which must erase every other method before it can begin to work. We want to take the bricks already piled, and alter the houses already built, with as little delay and disorder as possible. People must give up some of their cherished theories of domestic isolation, which is nearly as impracticable as the system of patriarchal government in these days. A hotel arrangement by which all the families in a block can be served by one corps of servants and caterers, leaving each family to occupy as few or as many rooms as it chooses, furnishing them or not as it pleases, is possible, and more likely to be adopted than any other plan. It differs from the present system of living in flats, because it dispenses with small domestic management, which may or may not be a comfort, according to the skill of the mistress, but, where economy is a consideration, must be set aside as an indulgence, like a box at the opera for a season, or a private carriage. The apartment-houses in this city are expensive, and limited in their accommodations. It is too much to pay seventeen hundred dollars a year for a range of rooms suited only for a doll's house-keeping. Servants'-rooms and offices must be crowded to discomfort in such a plan. Home-loving people do not want to burn gas in their bedrooms all day, or shut their children in closets to sleep, even if the privilege of having their dinners and humors all to themselves is worth every other consideration that can be named. The new

plan differs from the common hotel system in that it offers accommodations and service just such as each person wishes to pay for, while it improves on coöperative house-keeping by taking the management out of a dozen more or less experienced hands, and placing it in a responsible proprietor—centralizing it, so to speak. To make it plainer, let us sketch the steps by which these ends are to be reached.

A row of houses are to be leased for as long as New-York owners are willing to let them, and put in thorough order, with inexpensive but enduring finish. That is to say, ventilating-shafts are run up in each building, so that the abomination of "middle rooms" may at least be supplied with pure air, if not with light; and no corners are left where air may stagnate; cracks in floors and walls are stopped, so that vermin may not congregate; paint and whitewash duly honored, and plumbing put in order. The central house is fitted as kitchen, laundry, restaurant, and servants'-rooms, for the whole block, and put in connection with it by bells numbered for each kind of service required—porter, house-maid, dinner-servant, or laundress. A staff of servants is installed here under a competent house-keeper, to whom the care of the block is given; and these go their rounds daily from house to house. There is no reason why one maid should not make the beds and sweep for thirty people in one block as well as in a hotel, the only difference being a dozen steps more in going from one house to another. By confining each servant to one kind of work, it will be done vastly better than where he or she must be *factotum* for the household.

In letting the rooms, a new principle—very harmless, very inexpensive, and very desirable—might be employed, greatly to the happiness of the tenants. Where families were willing to take rooms for a year or more on leases, just as houses are let, they might be allowed to select the furniture they wished, paying for its use a certain percentage for "wear and tear," over a fair interest on its first cost. The proprietor, buying for the whole block, would get furniture at its lowest rates; and the tenants would have the privilege of gratifying their own taste, as well as of choosing whether they shall pay for a cheerful front-room in cottage-suit and ingrain, or for a den at the top of the house, as luxurious as it is small, or *vice versa*. It is the principle of the restaurant applied to furniture: you pay for what you order, and no more. Thus, if people want a room furnished to cost one thousand dollars, they will be very willing to pay five dollars a week extra for the indulgence, giving the proprietor over twenty-five per cent. for his investment; or, if they choose to furnish it for a hundred, and pay fifty cents a week for its use, the owner has the same profit.

Boarding and renting rooms now is conducted too much on the system of country store-keeping; there is a meagre assortment, and "you can take it or leave it" is the coolly-indifferent expression of the dealers. In the model block people are to furnish their rooms themselves, or rent furniture, just as they please—the charge for each item of room-rent, furniture, service, and food, being a sep-

arate affair, found by adding to the cost of the article a fair rate of interest on the original expenditure. Simple but fresh styles of furnishing will be found to attract most and pay best. The dreary sumptuousness of many first-class boarding-houses compares satirically with the actual comfort derived from them; and where in New York will you find a cheap home that does not insult all the canons of taste? The best rooms have carved furniture, and wonderfully-beflowered carpets, worn threadbare, and the cheapest have paper of some horrible color, either deep blue like a photographer's walls, or carmine matched by a light-blue carpet, as I had in my room once, where walls and carpet—each very pretty in itself—"swore at each other" till I grew fond of their ugly oddity in self-defence. But for the life of me I can't tell where all the ugly things came from, in the way of furniture, that past ages have left behind them in Washington and New-York boarding-houses. What people want, whether they know it or not, is, small-figured, durable carpets, with a foot or more of the floor left bare next the wall, that there shall be no harbor for dust, the border finished in walnut or inlaying, like the movable floors; plain, heavy muslin and chintz curtains, that will not hold dust and smell like worsted damask; and wide, comfortable sofas and chairs, also in chintz or cretonne, enamelled to match the figure of the cushion, perhaps, but costing just one-third as much as the showier suits in use. The most popular article in boarding-houses is the divan-bed, which lets the back drop to complete the width at night, exposing the surface all day to the air, not like the sofa-bed, which shuts the mattresses upon each other, gathering the exhalations of sleep till they are unfit for use. These ought to be got up in pine frames, with percale or linen covers to sell cheap, so that the simplest room may be converted into a decorous sitting-room with the aid of cabinet dressing-stands, and give people of strait economies the privilege of receiving friends in their own rooms, instead of public parlors. These seem like very small matters—but how much of the comfort of life to the class of people we are thinking about depends on just such contrivances! These articles are now only to be had in comparatively expensive forms—a divan in reps costing sixty dollars at least, and a Plympton bedstead two hundred and fifty dollars, when a simple, tasteful style of the latter might be made in enamel for seventy-five dollars, and the former be brought down to fifteen dollars. It is a wonder some enterprising dealer does not make a reputation for himself by bringing out inexpensive, serviceable, and tasteful sets of furniture, such as find their models in the easy and lovely chintz suits designed for wealthy ladies at the French houses in the city. They are expensive simply because they are novel, but could be duplicated at prices far below the heavy, awkward things we are using now; and I don't see why rich people should have all the benefit of such tasteful economies. This matter of renting furniture is as feasible as renting pianos or dinner-services, and will yet be found of advantage to both parties. You are looking for lodgings for a year, perhaps, and must be content if one room out

of a hundred is not absolutely repellent at first sight. To please your taste, you must buy a lot of furniture, and at the year's end have the bother of moving or storing it till you can sell it at a sacrifice.

How agreeable it would be if you could select a congenial-looking carpet and chairs, have them sent round and put in order, and taken away when you had no further need of them! Three dollars a week, above the rent of the bare room, would do this, and be cheap in comparison to the degree of comfort it would give. There is a moral side to this matter, too. Where thousands of young people find the means of making their narrow homes—not their final ones—attractive within their reach, will there not be “less temptation to seek amusement outside in more dubious forms,” etc.?—how do the moralists put it? Cheap pianos—which means good ones, since poor pianos are costly at any price—and cheap easy-chairs are as really german to the question of social morality as cheap lectures and libraries. When to these is added the benefit of the cheap restaurant, where in respectable surroundings, with the best food temptingly served, one may invite a friend to join him at dinner, ungrudged by any one, it is easily seen what a different face this question of domestic esthetics puts on the whole social life of towns. When people living on narrow incomes can exercise the delight of hospitality, without thinking of the difference it will make in the weekly bills; when children can have their informal companies, not in scrubby, close rooms, but in agreeable and ample ones; when single people may find a charm in their own nooks and corners—then home will have to thousands a meaning that it never had before, and its sanctities and privileges will be cherished as there is too much reason to fear they are not now. People fly from barren dwellings to seek pleasure where they can find it; and the thirst for excitement—the dissipation of the time—is at least half owing to the want of counter attractions at home.

Finally comes the question of cheap food. Is it possible to have it well cooked and neatly served at a reasonable price? This is already done. One instance will be enough to show how. There is, on Third Avenue, an Italian restaurant, much frequented by artists, who know the flavor of a delicately-cooked dinner. The bill-of-fare for dinner comprises four courses—a delicious soup, not like the washings American restaurants give under that name; boiled meats, and roast or broiled, with two dishes of vegetables excellently cooked; and fruit or pastry for dessert. These are prepared by a French cook, with the same perfection as the more extensive lists of Delmonico or Professor Blot, neither of whom will please imagine himself undervalued by the comparison. Not only are the simplest dishes cooked with the best flavor—and no one would ever imagine that the vegetables offered there and on American tables were the same things—but they are served with great care and neatness. The slice of boiled beef is trimmed square as a slice of mahogany, and garnished with parsley; the fragrant mutton-chop decked with its paper-frill; while radishes, salads, and

saucers, are presented in a crisp and cleanly state such as one rarely finds at more pretentious tables. A glance at the kitchen, scoured white, with its polished coppers and trim range, is enough to assure one on this point. Though the dining-room is a basement with bare floor, the table-cloth and the ware coarse, and the forks not silver, yet the castor bears Mr. Dickens's test, and the bread—which lies on the table to be cut from the loaf, after the French custom—is excellent, and François—who serves—the most intelligent, noiseless, and quickest of waiters. The charge for the dinner is forty cents, and a bottle of light wine will be opened for the extra ten cents to make the half-dollar.

Now, if the Italian proprietor found it to his advantage to offer a dinner which comprised all that an ordinary family would demand in the way of variety for forty cents—and his customers were gentlemen and people who could have paid more—it is evident that the same fare could be given by others for the same price, with improvements in its style of service. There are plenty of good cooks to be found on the avenues, who would make the best and most economical use of supplies furnished them, if they were placed in a central restaurant, such as described, under the eye of a vigilant proprietor. With modest and scrupulously-neat furnishing, this family restaurant might offer provisions at less than one-half the ordinary cost. There should be a tariff fixed for every article, so that every person might live as cheaply or indulgently as he wished. Families should be served with meals in their own rooms for a reasonable sum, which would mean considerably less than five dollars extra a week. One advantage resulting from this combination would be that the best servants would always be employed, since people could afford to pay more collectively than they could in any other way. If a woman could do the chamber-work for six families in this manner as easily as the waiting and housework for one by the old plan, she should receive six times the wages, or something like it, and each employer could better afford ampler terms, since the expense of her board—always double that of wages—would be saved them. Servants, too, are more amenable where a number of them are employed, under a house-keeper whose sole responsibility is to see that they do their work well. They like places where they have plenty of company and the routine of their duties is clear, and are loath to leave them. They complain of the “lonesomeness” of private families, and the burden of all manner of small extra duties besides what they undertake and are hired to do. A smart, crisp-speaking English house-keeper will get more work out of a force of servants in better time and order than any employer. Twenty servants can do the work for a hundred people in this way, which in common house-keeping would take at least forty. Domestic service would thus become a higher grade of employment than it is now. If one cook prepares the meals for fifty people, they can easily afford to pay fifty cents apiece weekly for this service, reckoned, of course, in the restaurant charges, putting this work on a respectable level as regards

wages. To this combination scheme, comprising hotel-life, the apartment system, and independent restaurant boarding, must we come at last, or else go to live in New Jersey.

S. D. POWER.

## FOXES.

**F**EW animals have their character better impressed upon their faces than foxes. Sharpness of nose and ears imparts to the fox an expression of astuteness that really belongs to him, while cunning is plainly denoted by the oblique slope of his quick, distrustful eyes. In all ages and countries innumerable stories have been told of the wiles practised by foxes to evade pursuit, or decoy birds and small animals within their reach; and hence it is that the fox has long since been adopted as the emblem of cunning and sagacity.

When I was a boy a very small cub-fox was brought to me, and I took every possible means to reclaim it from the wild nature already displayed in every action of the little beast. At first it refused food, but hunger soon conquered its obstinacy, and it partook freely of bread and milk. As it grew up, which it did very rapidly, we used sometimes to give it cooked meat, for a change, but were careful to debar it from raw meat, or from a taste of the chickens at which it used to cast such longing glances, as it is well known that the flavor of blood will develop the savage qualities of wild, carnivorous animals. I was particularly anxious that Sly—for that was the name given to the little stranger—should live on friendly terms with certain terriers and other dogs about the place, and to this end I introduced him, while yet very small, as much as possible into their society. At first his instinct seemed to tell him that dogs are the natural enemies of foxes, and not to be trusted. He would snap and snarl viciously if a dog made playful advances toward him, and rather had the better of the dogs now and then. After a while, however, seeing that these dogs—who acted under orders—did not molest or hurt him, he became very much at home among them, and would play with them after the manner of a kitten. It was not until he was several months old that he would suffer a hand to be laid upon him. He would take food from the hand quite gently, but if you tried to pat him on the head, his suspicions would be aroused at once, and he would show his teeth and shrink away from you. This distrustfulness is very characteristic of foxes. Raccoons and otters, when taken young, become tame at once, and, instead of displaying shyness, will even force themselves impudently upon their protectors; but the fox appears to have settled it in his mind that man and all other animals are his enemies. After a while Sly got over his distrustfulness, and then he would leap up as a dog does, and suffer himself to be caressed.

He was generally kept chained to a dog's kennel, and it was very entertaining to watch the manoeuvres by which he used to try to decoy the chickens and sparrows within the



length of his chain. Some of the remains of his meals were usually scattered about near his box, and these attracted the fowls, to deceive which he would pretend to be fast asleep, and then jump out to the length of his chain when he thought he had one within reach. I do not remember, however, that he ever caught a fowl by this piece of strategy. Before he was a year old he used to follow me about the country along with the terriers and other dogs, much to the wonder of the rustics, who did not believe that a fox could be tamed. And his tameness cost the poor little beast his life, at last; for, during my absence from home for some time, he was not properly looked after, and was chopped up by a pack of hounds, to which he ran, doubtless, with the intention of inquiring what all the row was about.

The fox is a luxurious rascal, less gluttonous than epicurean in his tastes, and he does not usually destroy more poultry or game than he needs for his immediate use, as the members of the weasel family almost invariably do. Sometimes his epicurean tastes lead him into a snare, a notable instance of which I once witnessed. Sauntering along the bank of a wild woodland-river, one day, with my rifle, I came upon the tracks of a fox in the yellow sand. These I followed until they led me to a cutting in the bank from which sand had been removed, and here the object of the fox's visit to the spot was at once discernible. The place was haunted, as I had frequently observed, by a large tortoise, or turtle, which had deposited a cluster of its eggs in the warm sand, and upon these Master Reynard had been making a sumptuous meal. Procuring a steel trap, I set it for him after the manner in which trappers take martens and other fur-animals. First I cut a long hickory sapling, sharpening it at the thick end, which I drove down firmly into the sand, propping some large stones against the foot of it. Next I bent the sapling down to the ground, where I fixed it with a notched peg, so slightly that a moderate pull would displace it and up it would go, thus preventing the animal from getting a steady tug, and so breaking away from or with the trap. Then I fastened the trap with some strong twine to the top of the sapling, covering it lightly with sand, and baiting it by scattering some of the eggs around it. For two days my trap remained unsprung, but on the third morning I found a splendid red fox in it, swung up by the sapling.

When foxes become accustomed to be hunted with hounds, as in England, the wiles made use of by them to evade their pursuers evince a degree of sagacity that borders closely upon reason. A fox will put the hounds at fault, for instance, by running through a flock of sheep, by which manœuvre the scent is vitiated, thus giving him an opportunity of getting away with a good start. Another common trick with a hunted fox is to paddle along in the bed of a brook for some distance, by which means the scent is lost to the hounds, and Reynard gets so far ahead of them as to save his brush for that time, at least. The bad esteem in which the fox is held by all the feathered tribes, is often fatal to him when hunted. As he goes cunningly

along by a hedge, or in a hollow, for example, his course is shown by the birds that keep flying above him, the loud revilings of which advise the huntsmen of his whereabouts. In the fox-hunting districts of Great Britain, to kill a fox with gun or trap, or in any other way than by hunting him down with hounds, although not by any means contrary to law, is looked upon by sportsmen as an unpardonable offence, and has frequently been punished by social ostracism. Even the farmers, whose hen-roosts occasionally suffer from his depredations, wink at his evil doings, which they think are more than compensated by the hunts in which they are always welcome to join.

Here, it is very different with regard to the fox, who is shot at and trapped, without reserve, by all rangers of the woods. From his cunning and swiftness of foot, the fox is as difficult to shoot as he is to trap; but woodsmen have their wiles, too, and he often gets a bullet through him. Once, when I was in the depth of the forest, after deer, and standing very motionless, I saw a fox running along upon the trunk of a huge fallen tree, about forty yards ahead of me. Without moving, I made a chirping noise with my mouth, as one does when coaxing a dog. All at once the fox stopped, turned his face squarely toward me, and in a moment the bullet from my rifle had gone through his head, killing him instantly. Vast numbers of foxes are killed all over the northern regions of the United States and Canada for their skins, which form a large item in the fur-trade. The skin of the common red fox brings but a small price. The silver fox is more valuable, but the highest price is paid for a good black-fox skin, which is sometimes valued at fifty dollars. So far as my observation goes, the black fox is not a distinct species, but only an accidental variety of the red one. At least, I know, myself, of an instance in which a Canadian hunter dug five cubs out from a den where a couple of red foxes had their home, three of these cubs being red and the other two black. The common hare of the cedar-swamps affords both sport and food to the fox, who, in this kind of chase, however, has a rival in the lynx, or *loup-cervier*, a creature far too fierce and powerful for him to contend with. Once I saw a fox crossing a stream on a fallen tree, by which it was spanned, with a young hare in his mouth, which he was doubtless taking home to his family.

Another time, on the same river already referred to, I watched, with much interest, an incident which reminded me of the old fable of the "Fox and the Grapes." It was in winter-time, and I was moving quietly along through the noiseless wood, looking out for otters, tracks of which I had seen in the snow on the banks of the stream the day before. The river was frozen across, and there was about a foot of snow upon the ice. Immediately in front of the tree behind which I stood, and at a distance of about sixty yards, there was an "air-hole," or opening in the ice—a pool about twelve feet long, by eight wide, perhaps—and in this some wild-ducks were swimming, keeping themselves well against the stream, which here ran pretty

fast. I watched, for some time, the skill with which they stemmed the current. Then, attracted by some sound at a distance, I turned away for a minute or so, and, when I looked round again, I saw, to my great surprise, a large red fox careering around the pool in which the ducks were swimming. Such an expression of chagrin as sat upon that red rascal's face, I do not remember ever to have observed, before or since, on the countenance of any beast. As he kept running round the pool, the ducks eyed him attentively, sheering away quietly to the side farthest from him, and so always keeping well out of his reach. The fox knew far too much to plunge into the water, for the current, as I have said, was strong, and he would have been carried under the ice. His game seemed to be to flurvy the ducks, and make them rise, when he would doubtless have snapped up one of them before they got well under way. But the sagacious waterfowl forbore to give him this advantage, perfectly confident that they were masters of the situation, and out of reach of their natural enemy. Sometimes the fox would sit down upon the edge of the pool, gnashing his teeth and giving vent to a little peevish whimper, at the idea of being thus outwitted by a lot of simple fowls. At last I grew weary of watching the antics of the fellow, and so let drive a bullet at him from my rifle, but made a bad shot of it, only breaking one of his fore-legs, and away he went upon three. Then, the danger being removed, the ducks rose and flew away up the river. I followed the fox a long way into the woods by his tracks, but had to give up the chase at last, as evening was coming on.

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY

## GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

LOOKING at the man himself, it seems scarcely credible that nearly eighty years can have elapsed since the birth of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Looking at the work his rare intellect and skilled hand have accomplished together, the fact that it is so appears to be simply inevitable. With a bright eye, a warm heart, an elastic step, and an erect carriage, this "great, grave, and singular genius," as he has been termed by Mr. Ruskin, still moves among us. He was born in London, on Thursday, September 27, 1792, and was the second son of Isaac Cruikshank, a designer, and etcher, and engraver, of considerable ability. An elder brother, his senior by three years, who died in his sixtysixth year, on March 13, 1856, was Isaac Robert Cruikshank, well known in his time as an ingenious painter of portraits and miniatures. George Cruikshank may be said, without much extravagance, to have been born an artist; at any rate, to have grown up as such from his tenderest years. Several of his earliest drawings, while he was yet, as might be said, a denizen of the nursery, were not only pencilled by him and etched and bitten into copper, but issued from the press in wide circulation. The implements of his art, which he was afterward to handle with such marvellous dexterity, and which from the first he

fingered with a skill that seemed to come to him almost intuitively, were among his favorite playthings. As recently as February 15, 1870, the veteran artist, in a letter addressed to the keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum, wrote: "When I was a mere boy my dear father allowed me to play at etching on some of his copper plates—little bits of shadow and little figures in the background—and to assist him a little as I grew older, and he used to assist me in putting in hands and faces." Hence it is that the artistic career of George Cruikshank proves on examination to have actually extended over an interval of not very far short of seventy years altogether. Within these last few weeks there has been published by the Messrs. Bell & Daldy, of London, in three noble quarto volumes, a veritable *édition de luxe*—a magnificent "Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of George Cruikshank," so far, that is to say, as those multifarious and for the most part widely-scattered works of his can nowadays be in any way accurately catalogued. Their aggregate number is legion—the distinct heads under which they are here enumerated extending over several thousands. They are productions, moreover, of every conceivable variety—etchings, woodcuts, lithographs, and glyptographs.

They range back in point of time from nowadays to one of the very earliest years of this century. Etchings, daintily scratched with the needle's point, on copper, on steel, and, even by Hancock's process, on the surface of glass, pencillings with lead on box-wood, drawings with the greasy crayon upon the lithographic-stone, aquatint, heliotype, glyptograph, water-color, oil-painting—each and all in turn may be described as having built up, during all these years, this great artist's unique and imperishable reputation. Beginning his artistic career, as we have seen, while yet the merest child himself, with the fabrication of little lottery prints, as they were called, and half-penny pictures for children, he has contrived, during a period of upward of sixty years, to produce a multitude of works, many of them works of astonishing elaboration and of almost microscopic finish, the great mass of these bearing about them the unmistakable evidences of a strikingly original genius—a genius equally remarkable in the delineation of the grotesque, the pathetic, the horrible, the poetic, the humorous, the commonest every-day street-life, and the wildest freaks of the most fairy-like imagination. Having devoted his artistic energies, during the chief part of his life, to the display of his powers as a designer and engraver in etchings, and in water-color drawings, Mr. Cruikshank has of late years given up much of his time, and with brilliantly successful results, to the cultivation of his capabilities in oil-painting. At the outset of his career, while he was yet a stripling, he evidenced an ambition to pursue the cultivation of art in what are generally esteemed to be its highest departments. To this end he endeavored to obtain access, for the purpose of study, to the schools of the Royal Academy. They happened at that time to be narrowed in space and unusually crowded. Young Cruikshank found it impossible to gain ad-

mittance. Having dispatched, as a specimen of his powers, the drawing of the figure of a plaster cast to Fuseli, the then professor of painting, he received a message from that gifted oddity, laconically informing him that he might come, but that he would have to fight for his place on coming. Repelled by this incident, the young draughtsman, fired by a genius fully as original, and in many respects, some of them the highest, quite as remarkable as that of Hogarth, went his way, and pursued his own course with resolute independence. Years afterward, having long previously rendered himself famous, chiefly by means of his wonderful etching-needle, George Cruikshank took to oil-painting, and became a contributor to the walls of the Royal Academy. "Tam O' Shanter," and "Titania and Bottom," were among the more notable pictures he thus exhibited; also "Cinderella," and the "Runaway Knock," "Grimaldi shaved by a Girl," and "Disturbing the Congregation." But more remarkable in its way than any of the oil-paintings already enumerated, as coming from the easel of George Cruikshank, is one that yet remains to be particularized. This was a picture of extraordinary scope, and of equally extraordinary elaboration. Individually, it was certainly the most memorable of the numerous efforts made by Mr. Cruikshank in furtherance of a cause advocated by him during this last quarter of a century with almost passionate ardor, namely—as every one familiar with his reputation has got to know perfectly well by this time—of temperance. "The Worship of Bacchus" is the title of this singularly complicated and ingenious composition. It is a pictorial microcosm, illustrative, not merely of human life in all its phases, but in an especial manner of the pervasive influence throughout it, from birth to burial, of the insidious habit of conviviality. An engraving of considerable size, in the production of which all the figures were carefully outlined by the hand of Cruikshank himself, has helped still further to popularize a design which, ever since the colors were first put upon the canvas, has silently pleaded the cause of temperance with the fervor of a Gough, and the persuasiveness of a Theobald Mathew. As thoroughly sincere, zealous, and disinterested, as either the apostle or the orator of temperance, George Cruikshank, as the artist-champion of that cause, having once given himself up to its advocacy heart and soul, now fully a quarter of a century ago, has certainly let slip no opportunity during the interim of enforcing his arguments in its favor, whether by word of mouth, by pen, or by pencil.

Throughout his life, George Cruikshank has more or less obviously exercised his art with a high moral purpose. Even at starting, when he affected to be nothing more than a social or political caricaturist, his ridicule was directed exclusively against the mean and vicious, against baseness and frivolity. Though he might have seemed then to be bent only upon catering for their amusement, those who laughed with him the most merrily, were all unconsciously bettered. Having made good his right, in the midst of inextinguishable laughter, to be regarded as the most grotesque and whimsical of all the pure-

ly humorous artists then living, he speedily began to manifest those higher and graver powers which, far more than his display of the *vis comica*, have won for him his exceptional and enduring reputation. It is curious, now, looking back to the earlier stages of his career, to mark the daring and rapid advance made, even in his boyhood, in the process of its development. Already in 1805, when he was no more than a child of thirteen, he had begun those audacious caricatures of "Boney," which were continued in unbroken sequence through all the portentous glories of the empire until the hero's dazzling course was run out in the midst of the gloom and seclusion of his six-years' exile in St. Helena. Any moderately supplied portfolio of these earlier political squibs of Cruikshank—radiant, all of them, according to the fashion of that time, with the gaudiest colors of the paint-box, a very feast of gamboge, and cobalt, and vermilion—will show the boy satirist having his fling coolly in 1806 at Sheridan, in 1807 at Burdett, in 1808 at Cobbett, and for years and years afterward pointing the finger of scorn at the protean bucks and bloods of his time, the fops, and beaux, and dandies, and exquisites, who were later on to make way for our own somewhat manlier *genus* of swell.

Between 1817 and 1820, he illustrated, with abounding humor, and often, as with a pencil of lunar caustic, "Hone's Political Squibs." Among these, in 1819, his "Political House that Jack Built" perhaps the most instantly captivated the popular imagination. The young artist had already, in 1817, touched off the various nationalities of Europe with a radiantly ridiculous effect, in a series of "Twelfth-Night Characters." Already his own name was a household word among all English-speaking people, especially welcome, whatever he did, even to the least educated among street-faring Londoners; in 1821 it became the rage, immediately on the publication of his memorable aquatint embellishments to Pierce Egan's "Life in London." In their production he was assisted by his brother, Robert Cruikshank. The comicality of those famous pictures took the town by storm. Corinthian Tom, Bob Logic, and Jerry Juniper, caught the fancy of high and low indiscriminately. The evanescent frolic fun, the fleeting freaks, the flitting slang, the harum-scarum extravagances of the hour, are caught on the pencil's point of the good-humored satirist, and perpetuated here, like flies in amber, in these wonderful aquatints. The publication of *Tom and Jerry* began on the 15th of July, 1821, in shilling monthly numbers. It ran its course like a peal of laughter. Dramatic versions of it appeared at the highest and lowest of the theatres, the scenes were tableaux from Cruikshank. Everybody shared in the mirth excited by the serial, the exhilarating effect of which was simply contagious and irresistible. Scarcely was the periodical issue of "Life in London" completed, when it was followed, as a sequel, by "Life in Paris," the artist in some inconceivable manner catching the whole tone and aspect, the very atmosphere, so to speak, of the Parisians, without ever having visited the French capital. A year

afterward appeared his well-remembered and singularly-comic "Points of Humor," in the midst of the publication of which he illustrated, as he only could have done, Sir John Bowring's translation of Chamisso's fantastic tale of *diablerie* about "Peter Schlemihl," selling his shadow to the enemy of the human race. During the following twelvemonth, that is, in 1823, besides issuing from the press his "Holiday Grammar," Cruikshank lavishly embellished Ireland's "Life of Napoleon."

Next to these appeared, in 1824-'25, his memorable glimpses of "London Life," afforded through the plates accompanying the text of the "Mornings in Bow Street." Then it was that, in 1825, he delighted readers, young and old, both here in England and far and wide on the Continent, by his inimitable etchings illustrative of the legendary and fairy German stories of the brothers Grimm.

Cruikshank's pencil was now worked by him with magical dexterity. It produced under his industrious master-hand, in 1826, his "Phrenological Illustrations," and, still better, in 1827, his admirably droll "Illustrations of Time." About this period, also, there were published his series of "London Characters"—such as the beadle, the flunky, the butcher's boy, and so forth—typical creations long antecedent, it should be remembered, to the "Bumble" of Boz, and the "Jeames" of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. Immediately after this came forth the grotesque series of plates illustrative of "Punch and Judy," in which, besides the ruthless hero and the ill-fated heroine of the drama, accurate commemoration was made of the doctor, the beadle, the hangman, the devil, and Shalaballa. Hard upon the heels of this appeared the first series of our artist's "Scraps and Sketches." These, winning to themselves a high degree of popularity, were continued, two or three years afterward, by others of a similar character. The year 1831 was notable in regard to George Cruikshank's career; for

inasmuch as it was that in which he not only profusely embellished the work entitled "Three Courses and a Dessert," but that also in which he began his celebrated series of illustrations to "Roscoe's Novelist's Library." In the salient incidents of the masterpieces of Smollett and Fielding, thoroughly congenial themes were found for the humorous genius of Cruikshank. The same suitability of theme to illustrate was also observable when, in 1833, our artist embellished the

the intermediate rise of *Punch*, and the annual issue of his threepenny almanac.

Thrice remarkable in the development of the career of George Cruikshank was the second year of the issue of his "Comic Almanack." For it was then, in 1836, that he produced his numerous illustrations to the "Waverley Novels;" it was then he embellished the first series of the "Sketches by Boz;" and it was then, also, that he threw off those brilliant etchings (among others, of

Dick Turpin and Black Bess) which added a new charm to the rapid reissue of the enthralling romance of "Rookwood," which was followed by "Jack Sheppard," "Guy Fawkes," and other of Ainsworth's novels. Before the last of Cruikshank's illustrations to the "Sketches by Boz" were out, the artist had begun the issue, from month to month, in *Bentley's Miscellany*, of those masterly etchings with which the readers of "Oliver Twist" are so familiar. Several of the plates are among the finest the master's hand has ever produced. "Grimaldi's Life" and the "Ingoldsby Legends" furnished, soon after this, two other humorously-suggestive series of subjects to the indefatigable illustrator. By a most happy thought, in 1839, George Cruikshank undertook, in grotesque outline, the delineation, scene by scene, of the ludicrous incidents in the "Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman." The result was a very *bijou* of comical-



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

text now of "Gil Blas," now of "Don Quixote." During the same year he began the periodical issue of his "Sketch-Book," which was only completed in 1834, the year in which he produced his "Tough Yarn." Then it was that he commenced his all but good round score of years' issue of the "Comic Almanack." For nineteen years in succession, beginning in 1835 and ending in 1853, this most sprightly and vivacious outpouring of whimsicalities was continued with unflagging perseverance. The close of the publication was only attributable in the end, we presume, to

ity—a tiny pocket-volume of fun in its quintessence. The serio-comic annotations, or running commentaries, by Charles Dickens, are in the most charming vein of that master-humorist. As for the plates themselves, they are provocative of Homeric laughter. It was shortly after this that the national naval songs of Charles Dibdin were collected together and published in a pictorial edition, under the patronage of the lords of the admiralty, the etchings adorning it being from the hand of—as everybody had long learned to call him—the inimitable Cruikshank. Simul-



taneously with the piecemeal publication of this authorized edition of Dibdin appeared (in 1841 and 1842) "Cruikshank's Omnibus," and, three years later on (in 1845), "Cruikshank's Table-Book." The former was edited by the accomplished Laman Blanchard, the latter by that *farceur* among historians and most incorrigible of punsters, Gilbert à Beckett. Each acquired an extended popularity as a monthly periodical at the time of their original appearance, and both works, in their collective form, have been recently republished. Cruikshank stamped on each, in a very conspicuous manner, the *timbre* of his humorous individuality.

Prefixed to the "Table-Book" was a magnificent etching, altogether one of the most intricately-elaborate designs he ever produced, and certainly one of the most fairy-like and beautiful. It represents the artist himself in his dressing-gown and slippers, seated musingly in his arm-chair, gazing wistfully into the fire, while he is smoking his meerschaum. Since then he has discarded tobacco quite as inexorably as he has discarded alcohol, with the one hand breaking his pipe, and with the other smashing his decanter. In this, as in other respects, he is thoroughly consistent as a total abstainer.

During the very same year that witnessed the publication of the "Table-Book" (1845), Cruikshank illustrated with terrible vividness, in a series of powerful and tragical etchings, the horrors of civil war, as described in Maxwell's "History of the Irish Rebellion." A grander protest against the atrocity of revolt has never been delivered than is visible at every turn of the leaf in these impressive and often appalling compositions. Two years afterward (in 1847) appeared the eight renowned glyphographs, designed and etched by George Cruikshank, entitled "The Bottle," the wonderful success of which induced the artist at once to follow it up with its equally-powerful sequel, also eight in number, entitled "The Drunkard's Children." Since Hogarth, a moral was never more finely enforced pictorially. The artist's earnest purpose was, in Lord Bacon's familiar phrase, brought directly home to men's business and bosoms. The tale thus eloquently told by Cruikshank's pencil was dramatized in all quarters of London. Simultaneously, eight distinct versions were performed, night after night, to as many crowded houses, the chief attraction at each theatre being the *tableaux* representing, as nearly as possible in fac-simile, the popular illustrations.

In 1850 Horace Mayhew imagined, and George Cruikshank realized—in a manner and with a vividness the most excruciatingly ridiculous—"The Toothache!" Beginning a new and charming series of etchings in 1853, a series completed as long afterward as in 1864, the veteran artist, who had already proved himself the dear, delightful friend of so many generations of children, crowned all his benefactions to the little people by a beautiful set of miniature-quarto booklets, entitled "The Fairy Library," and in which he depicted anew, in a succession of exquisite embellishments, such bewitching old-world romances of everybody's childhood as "Hop o' my Thumb" and "Puss in Boots," as "Cinde-

rella" and "Jack and the Beanstalk." It would be difficult, if indeed it would not be impossible, to number up even a tithe of the authors and periodicals which in his time have been enhanced in attractiveness by the etchings and woodcuts of this inexhaustible and indefatigable illustrator. There is scarcely a humorous masterpiece of any kind in our literature that can be named but his pencil has lavishly adorned. It has been thus in regard to Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and Cowper's "John Gilpin;" or in the instance, again, of a homely legend like "Tom Thumb," or of an ultra-farical burlesque like "Bombastes Furioso." Harry Lorrequer and Frank Fairleigh, Mrs. Gore and Diedrich Knickerbocker, are among the miscellaneous writers he has helped to illustrate, over and above the eminent contemporaries already enumerated. Indirectly, in the shape of a quasi-historical Life of Sir John Falstaff, penned by Robert Brough, Cruikshank's etching-needle has been fittingly applied to the pictorial realization of the peerless humor of Shakespeare. Remembering all that this veteran artist has accomplished in the course of his long career, and yet more the extraordinary diversity of the work that has come from his hands during these last sixty or seventy years—work as grotesque as his caricatures, as graceful as his glimpses of fairy mythology, as fantastic as his limnings to the German stories, as earnest as "The Bottle," as laughable as the "Illustrations of Time," as terrible as the plates to the "Irish Rebellion"—it may at least be allowed that he has not, all this while, wrapped his talents in a napkin. On the contrary, he has been applying his rare energies, and yet rarer genius, all along, so far as we can understand any artist's lifetime, alternately to the bettering of the public he has addressed, or to their innocent entertainment.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE fact that the names of places were all once upon a time significant, is well known, but the importance which their meaning has as a record of language, or a memorial of historical events, is but little appreciated. This is especially the case in this country of constant change and utter neglect of the past; and the majority of our local names are fast becoming sad corruptions of their true forms, and mere unmeaning sounds. Such carelessness is a loss to history, and an injury to the nation; our annals are thus stripped of much of their interest, and our people are led to forget, still faster, the scanty records that remain of our early times. It may not be amiss, therefore, to rescue a few such names and their history from that oblivion which is justly overtaking them, and to secure to a few among them the interest and the respect which they so richly deserve.

New England appropriately leads the motley crowd; it is quaintly explained, in the dedicatory epistle to the first sermon preached in New England by Robert Cushman, at Plymouth, December, 1621, thus: "It was so called because of the resemblance that is in it of England, the native soil of

Englishmen." Who called it so? The question has been variously answered, some claiming the honor for brave John Smith, others referring it loyally to Prince Charles, afterward King Charles I. We are, however, positively told that "Captain John Smith, having made an advantageous voyage for his owner, and taken an exact chart of the coast, he then first called the country New England." He had been exploring the coast of the new country from the Penobscot to Cape Cod, and at the same time preparing a survey of that whole region. After his return to England, he humbly presented the map, in April, 1614, to Prince Charles; and in the warmth of admiration the latter bestowed upon the northern part of Virginia the same name which John Smith had chosen, thus confirming his action. The confusion has arisen from the fact that the valiant captain at the same time requested the prince to substitute other names for the barbarous names which had been given to particular places, and that this was done in many instances along the whole coast from Cape Cod to the Bay of Fundy. New England, however, remained such, and Captain Smith was graced with the empty title of Admiral of New England. The latter was, however, by no means the only name the country ever bore; in times of old it had been called the "Land of Gomez," and appears as such on the first Spanish maps of our continent, from Estevan Gomez, a famous navigator of the days of Magellan, whom he accompanied on his first memorable passage to the Pacific. He had sailed up and down the coast of New England and of New York in search of a northwestern passage, and, failing to find it, contented himself with stealing a few lusty Indians as slaves—a sorry title indeed to give his name to the land he claimed to have discovered. John Mather, on the other hand, assures us that the land had been known as the "Northern Plantation" several years before it assumed its present name, but there is no other authority confirming his statement.

Among the names changed by the royal prince was that of Cape Cod, which he graciously ordered to be known hereafter as Cape James, in honor of his father. The famous promontory, it is well known, had been discovered by Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, the first Englishman who came by a direct course to America, and so called by him because of the store of codfish that they found thereabout, as we read in the journal of Henry Hudson. In De Laet's "Orbis Pictus" (vol. iii, cap. 7), we find the cape spoken of as "*Promontorium Blancum sive Cod*," and elsewhere also it appears as "the White Cape." The French had apparently experienced foul weather in its neighborhood, for they called it *Malebarre*, and English sailors even, at times, refer to it as Cape Care and Tucker's Terror. Not far from it was a cape known, in our early annals, by the outlandish name of Cape Tragabigzanda, which John Smith had bestowed upon it in honor of the Turkish damsel who took pity upon him in his captivity, and aided him to escape. It was changed with the others, and henceforth appeared as Cape Ann. There was more respect paid by Prince Charles to the only place upon which the great captain

modestly bestowed his own name—a small cluster of islands near the shore, long known as Smith's Islands and the "Three Turks' Heads," as he called three islets, in memory of his coat-of-arms. The people, however, assumed the royal prerogative, and changed the name to Isles of Shoals.

One of the pleasantest names of that region is Martha's Vineyard, about the origin of which there has been much speculation. Gosnold, in 1602, gave the name to a neighboring islet, which is now known as No Man's Land, while the name of Martha's Vineyard has somehow been transferred to its larger neighbor. "By one of these fayre islands we anchored," says the quaint chronicler of his voyage. "In it is a lake neare a myle in circuit; the rest overgrowne with trees, which, so well as the bushes, were so overgrowne with Vines, we could scarce passe them. And by the blossomes we might perceive there would be plenty of strawberries, respises, gousberries, and divers other fruits; besides Deere, and other Beasts, we saw Cranes, Herons, with divers other fowle, which made us call it Martha's Vineyard" (Purchas, iv., 1686). This island was probably the famous Straumey of Thorfin, the Northman who settled on it in 1007, and found it abounding with wild-fowl. Then, after it fell into the hands of the English, it became, thanks to the indefatigable labors and noble self-denial of the Mayhews, the home of Christianized Indians, who, in 1650, unanimously adopted, with the new faith, English customs and manners in husbandry and other concerns. A generation passed away, and not a trace remained of the large native population, and another attempt at redeeming the race had to be acknowledged a failure. Of late years, however, Martha's Vineyard, after long obscurity, has become famous as a camp-meeting ground, and as a sea-side resort of a very original and attractive character.

It is a curious surprise to meet on old maps, among all the familiar New-England names, suddenly the well-known Virginia name of Accomac, as given by John Smith to the site of Plymouth. The mystery is solved when we learn that the Indian word, Accomac, merely means "the other side," and was given, by the natives, to the other shore opposite to their own. The name was, however, promptly changed, with others, by Prince Charles, to Plymouth, and is now nearly forgotten in New England. It retained its hold on the memory of men far more strongly in the South, thanks to its antiquity and great historical importance. For it is one of the oldest names in the history of this continent, and occurs, though half concealed, in one of the earliest documents. In a deed granted to Thomas Smith and others, and dated July 3, 1585, the grantor, Sir Walter Raleigh, is described as "Chief Governor of *Assamacoc*, *alias* Wingandococia, *alias* Virginia." The former name belonged originally to what is now known as the Eastern Shore, the long, narrow peninsula which lies "on the other side" of the bay. Here, one of the first settlements in Virginia was made, and here one of the original counties of the colony was formed as early as 1634. Its detached position, its early importance, and its safe es-

cape from the great massacre of 1622, gave it such a prestige, that it was frequently looked upon and mentioned as a separate colony, and, in more than one official document of those early days, statutes and laws are mentioned as referring to "Virginia and Accomac." A little farther south we meet Cape May, not unfrequently ascribed, like the river May, of Florida, now the St. John's, to the month of May. It owes its name, however, to one of the most famous Dutch navigators of early days, Kornelis Jacobus Mey, who was sent over, after Henry Hudson's discovery, to take possession of New Amsterdam, and to colonize the southern part of what is now the State of New Jersey. He not only visited Manhattan, but, in 1623, sailed up the river Delaware, then known as the South River of the Dutch, took possession of the whole country, and left his name to the southernmost country of that region, and to one of the capes of New Jersey. Having built Fort Nassau at Gloucester Point in that year, he was recalled to Holland, but his memory survives, in spite of popular neglect, in the name of the cape.

Two great geographical divisions of our continent are known to us by names the origin of which is still shrouded in absolute mystery: Canada and California. The story of the Spaniards is well known who made their way to the frozen regions, north of the Union, and, finding no temptation in soil and climate to stay and settle there, declared their contempt of the unlucky country by saying, "*Acanada*, there is nothing!" As the good people who lived there, mostly Frenchmen, spoke no Spanish, and, if they had spoken it, would surely not have treated their beloved New France so contemptuously, the story is absurd. An old English account, found in Thomas Morton's "New-England Canaan, 1632," explains the name as derived from a M. de Cane, a French lord, who planted the first colony of French in Canada, then called "Nova Francia." A different name occurs in early French works on the subject, in which it is claimed that Verrazzain took possession of the whole northern part of our continent in the name of his sovereign, Francis I. of France, and called it *Moscossa*, which he, jointly with Canada, called New France, and thus formally added to the dominions of his master. This vast domain included, of course, also Nova Scotia, a considerable portion of which, lying between the fortieth and forty-sixth degrees north latitude, was granted, on November 8, 1603, to De Monts by Henry IV. of France, under the name of Acadia. The strange, poetical name is, in all probability, the remnant of *Shubonacadia*, by which one of the principal rivers of Nova Scotia was early known; and such a derivation would explain why the country is variously spelt *l'Acadie*, or *la Cadie*, in ancient grants. In the Treaty of Ryswick, 1697, this territory is represented as stretching as far west as the Kennebec River, or even farther, and is spoken of as "*Acadia*, or *Nova Scotia*;" Hutchinson, however, tells us, what was probably the fact, that "*Acadia* has been stretched and contracted at different times, as the French found it served their interests." The glamour which Longfellow's exquisite poem of "Evangeline" has cast around the melodious name,

has very largely led to the idea that it was a purely poetical fiction; history, however, speaks but in too stern terms of the terrible sufferings which Acadia witnessed in 1755, when its peaceful, helpless inhabitants were forcibly removed from their beloved homes.

The name of California was apparently given to the land of gold at its very first discovery, and is supposed to have had its origin in some accident, as its etymology has never yet been traced. Neither the early Spanish missionaries, nor the writers on Sir Francis Drake's brilliant exploits on that coast, vouchsafe any explanation. To trace the mysterious name back to the two words *caliente fornalla*, hot furnace, by which the Spaniards designated the country, is ingenious but hardly plausible. The magnificent bay, known to us as the Gulf of California, has had its mishaps likewise. It was originally called *Mar de Cortes*, in honor of Cortes (Hakluyt, vol. i., p. 577), but almost at the same time not unfrequently spoken of as the *Red Sea* of Cortes. The Spanish missionaries had been struck by the resemblance which the gulf bore, in shape and color, to the Red Sea of Arabia, and hence called it the *Mar Vermjo de Cortes*. Ignorance, however, saw in the word only an allusion to color, and thus the sea became, at an early date, to the French a *Mer Vermeille*, and to the English a *Vermilion Sea*.

SCHÉLE DE VERE.

## ARIEL.

"My dainty Ariel."—TEMPEST.

I.

A VOICE like the murmur of doves,  
Soft lightning from eyes of blue,  
On her cheek a flush like Love's  
First delicate, rose-bud hue;

II.

Bright torrents of hazel hair,  
Which, glittering, flow and float  
O'er the swell of her bosom fair,  
And the snows of her matchless throat;

III.

Lithe limbs of a life so fine,  
That their rhythmical motion seems  
But a part of the grace divine  
Of the music of haunted dreams;

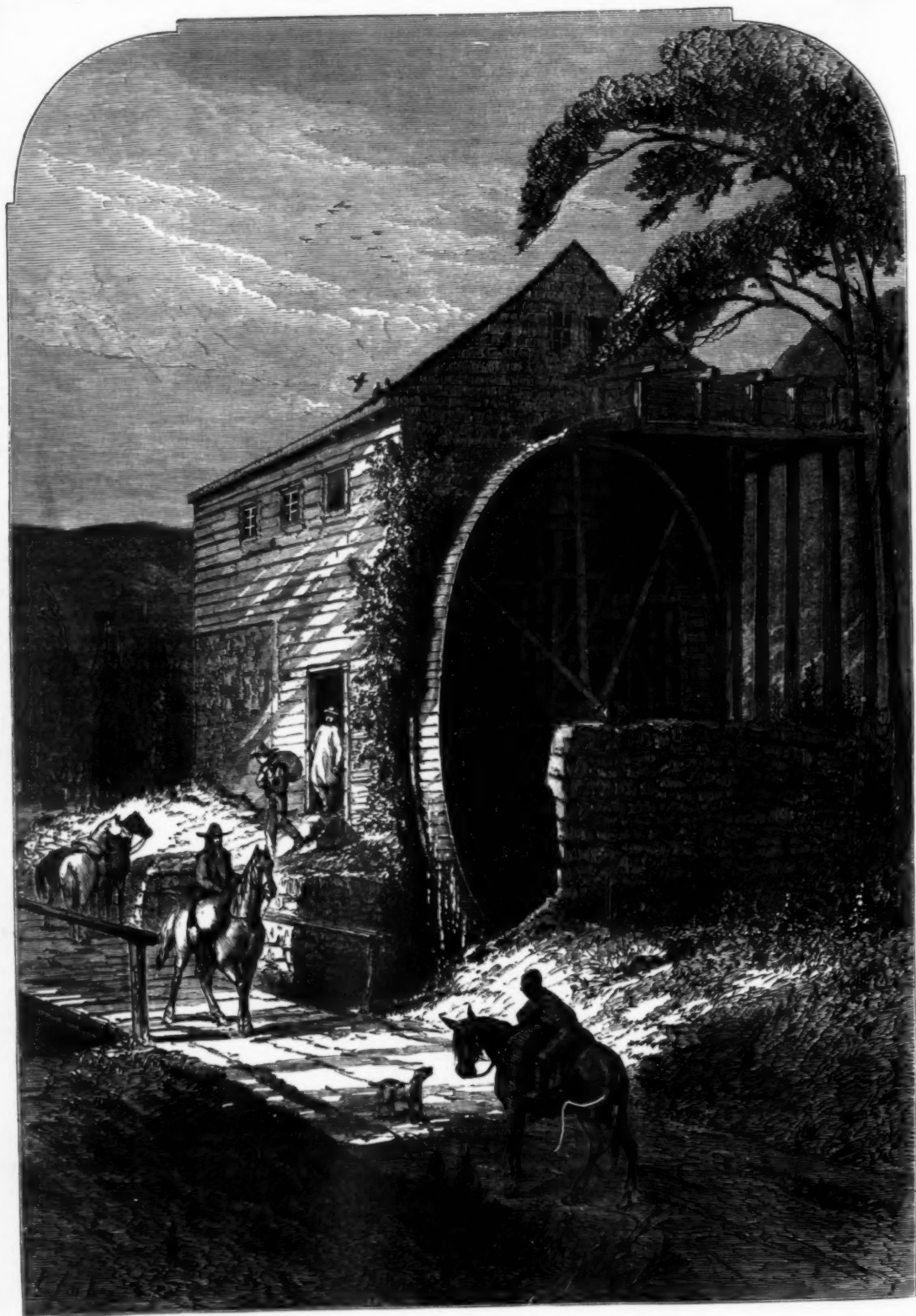
IV.

Low, gurgling laughter, as sweet  
As the swallow's song i' the South,  
And a ripple of dimples that, dancing, meet  
By the curves of a perfect mouth;

V.

O creature of light and of air!  
O fairy sylph o' th' sun!  
Hearts whelmed in the tidal gold of her hair  
Rejoice to be so undone!

PAUL H. HAYNE.



THE OLD GRIST MILL.—BY EDWARD FORBES.

LA

HAR

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at last



LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR,  
THREE TO ONE.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

HARRY FORTESCUE CALLS ON EDITH PRICE.

Now, if Mrs. Crump had only waited five minutes longer at the green-grocer's at the corner, in Lupus Street, she would have seen something worth seeing. No less a person than Harry Fortescue walked up to No. —, as cool as a cucumber, and quite as fresh and pleasant as cucumbers are in the month of June. What brought him there? We are sorry to say that Harry Fortescue had lain awake all that night tossing and turning, very much as Florry Carlton and Amicia Sweetapple had tossed and turned for his sake. That scarlet fever which so often attacks young men and women was overcoming him. Harry Fortescue was falling in love with Edith Price. Of course, he did not know he was falling in love. Love, like death, often gives no warning. Oftener still, Love pretends to be something else, the arrant dissembler that he is! That is so like him. He disguises himself like some other disease, puts on a mask, wears false hair, hangs out sham colors, and then, when you come close to him, just to look at him, he pounces on you, and you are his prisoner for life. So it was with Harry Fortescue. According to his own statement, it was something that he had eaten; the night had been so hot; or he had caught cold sleeping with his window open; any thing rather than the real cause of his complaint. But all the while he pitied Edith Price. It was a pity such a pretty girl should go out as a governess; it was a pity she should walk out alone; in fact, she was an object of pity from whatever point of view she presented herself to his mind's eye, and we all know how near pity is akin to love. How really bad he was, how far gone, how dangerous the symptoms, may be inferred from the fact that he shunned the society of Edward Vernon, and declared after breakfast that he must go down to chambers and "work."

When Harry Fortescue had done what he wanted at chambers, though it was not much after all, he went back to the club, and thought he would have luncheon; but, when he got there, he found he could not eat. The spring soup was cold, and he declared to the waiter that the cooking was disgraceful. Don't believe him; the soup was as good as the soups at that club always are. It was only his taste that was at fault—only another symptom of the dire disease.

After this pretence at luncheon, he wondered what in this world he should do before dinner. Should he go to the Exhibition? No, he had seen it already, and it was such a crush. Sit on a chair in the Park? No, he could not do that alone. He must have Edward with him—and how to find Edward? Now, you all know he could have found him very well if he chose, but Harry Fortescue did not choose. He was only proposing one plan after another that he might reject it, and at last do what was lying like Hope at the

bottom of that true Pandora's box, the human heart.

What Harry Fortescue really wanted to see was Edith Price, and his mind was set on doing this, and not on any luncheon, Exhibition, or chair in the Park, with or without Edward Vernon.

At last—it must have been about four o'clock—Harry Fortescue rose quickly, put on his hat, and was soon striding along Pall Mall toward Lupus Street. His mind was made up. He was going to see Edith Price.

We cannot say that Harry Fortescue was not afraid when he knocked at the door. He was not yet in that condition of perfect love which banishes fear.

"Is Miss Price at home?" he asked, in a faltering voice, of Mrs. Nicholson. "I know it's no use asking to see Mrs. Price, she's such an invalid."

"I am sure I don't know, sir," said Mrs. Nicholson, "but I'll ask;" and away she ran up-stairs to tell Edith that Mr. Fortescue was at the door and wanted to see her.

"Mamma is asleep," said Edith, "and I can't wake her up to ask her. But I should like to see him. Pray tell him, if he will return in half an hour, I may be able to see him."

When Harry Fortescue heard that Miss Price begged him to return in half an hour, he, like a wise lover, said he would return, and walked off to spend that interval of time as he best might.

It would have been natural to go home and tell Edward what he had been doing, but somehow he did not feel as though he should like to tell Edward of his purposed visit to Edith Price. This was only another symptom. In the morning he had not been conscious; in the afternoon he was conscious and ashamed. The age of innocence was over in that affection. He felt like our first parents in Eden after the fall. Harry Fortescue had, indeed, fallen like them, but not into sin, only into love.

He went to go home, therefore. He pottered about Cambridge Street and Churston Street, and all the unknown streets in that neighborhood—streets so little known to the fashionable world that only once or twice in the year does an announcement of a birth or a marriage get into the newspapers from any of them.

All round this neighborhood did Harry Fortescue walk fiercely. At last he emerged on Thames Bank, near the mouth of the Grosvenor Canal, and looked at the steamers and the Suspension Bridge, but it was only for a moment or two.

"Dear me! I sha'n't be back in time if I don't make haste."

When he reached No. — Lupus Street, it still wanted ten minutes before the half-hour would be up.

"This watch of mine has taken to going slow," said Harry; but it was only his own heart that had just taken to going fast.

Off went Harry again, this time all down Lupus Street under the eyes of the green-grocer, who watched him till the bend in Lupus Street took him out of his vision. When he lost sight of him, the green-grocer shook his head and retired to his small coals and summer-cabbages.

At last Harry Fortescue reappeared, tearing down Lupus Street on the same side of the street as the green-grocer's shop; and, when he got opposite to Edith's house, he rushed across and knocked at the door. Even then it wanted one minute to the half-hour, but he felt, unless he knocked that very minute, as if something would happen to him.

"Can Miss Price see me now?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; she has asked her mamma, and Mrs. Price don't object. You will find Miss Edith and Miss Mary in the drawing-room."

Now, when Mrs. Price awoke, and she did soon after Harry Fortescue left the door, Edith went into her room and said:

"Mr. Fortescue has been here, mother, and asked to see me. I sent him away then, but I told him if he came in half an hour I would ask if you objected to my seeing him."

"I don't object, Edith, if you do not," said Mrs. Price, kissing her daughter's broad brow. "You are mistress of the house now, you know."

"I wonder what he wants?" said Edith.

"What was it that he talked about yesterday? I know you told me, but my head is weak, and I have forgotten."

"About nothing but my going out as a governess; and I told him how heart-breaking it was to try so hard, and still to be of no use to you and Mary."

"I think you may see him," said Mrs. Price. "Perhaps he has heard of a situation for you from some of his grand friends. He used to be a nice, well-behaved young man. Is he the same now?"

"He seemed just the same yesterday," said Edith. "More of a man—more earnest—but still the same frank Harry Fortescue of whom poor papa was so fond."

"I think you might see Mr. Fortescue, Edith," said Mrs. Price. "Mary will, of course, be with you."

"Of course, mother," said Edith.

In a few minutes she left her mother, and ran for Mrs. Nicholson, and said she should be happy to see Mr. Fortescue.

When Harry Fortescue was going up those creaking stairs, he could not help feeling like a fool. Was he not a young man of self-possession? He was. But when a man is in love he is not self-possessed, but love-possessed, and that is a very different matter. The little god is so jealous, he will bear no rival near his throne. He turns out all the feelings that existed before, and reigns supreme. Self-possession must yield before him like any thing else. When, therefore, Harry Fortescue came into the presence of Edith Price, he was tongue-tied, and scarcely knew what to say. He had accomplished his purpose, and won his way to her; and now he faltered, as when a soldier who has scaled a fortress is smitten by a chance shot on the rampart he has won, and sinks and dies in the very moment of triumph.

"I called to see you, Miss Price—" and then he faltered and stopped.

"It is very good of you," said Edith, quite cool and self-possessed, and expecting him to say something, as she supposed he had something to say.

Pray observe that she was as firm as she was free. Like a strong woman, she guarded

her own house. Love had not yet entered into possession and served her common-sense with a notice to quit.

"I thought—" said Harry Fortescue, and then he stopped again.

"I thought," said Harry Fortescue, recovering himself just a little—"I thought I might be of some use to you."

This, at least, was a connected and coherent sentence. It was not all interjection and ejaculation—as Love's language generally is, for he feels so fast that his tongue fails him, and he babbles—and so Edith could answer it.

"You have been of great use to us already, Mr. Fortescue. We owe every thing to you."

"I hope to be of still more use to you," said Harry. "The little I may have done was not half enough. I feel all the while as if I had been an unprofitable servant."

That was a very long sentence for a man falling hopelessly into love; quite an oration, Cupid would have called it—Cupid, who loves short sentences and sighs and sobs, who lives on the indeclinable parts of speech, and would never use a verb or a substantive, or even an adjective, if he could help it.

But this long sentence was not thrown away. When both sides are not in love, they cannot exist on interjections. Now, Edith Price was not in love, and so she answered Harry Fortescue's sentence by another, expressing a wish, and the wish that just then was next her heart.

"I do so wish I could get a situation as a governess! I thought perhaps you had come to say that you had heard of one that would suit me."

"I came to say nothing of the kind," said Harry, abruptly. "I do not think such a position at all worthy of you."

That was just the first tiny step—Baby Love's first footfall. It was so gentle that Edith Price did not at all recognize it.

"If the position is not worthy of me, I will make myself worthy of the position," she said, proudly. "Any thing is better, Mr. Fortescue, than obligation."

She said this so sternly, as well as so proudly, that Harry Fortescue was quite frightened, for he thought that Edith Price was going to pay off all her obligations to him, and have nothing more to say to him.

"I don't admit that there has been any obligation," he said, at last; "but what I beg, and what Mr. Vernon begs, is, that you will do nothing rashly, and not accept a position which may be irksome to you, because you fancy that you are our debtor, when it is we that feel ourselves in debt to you."

"So this is what he came to say," said Edith to herself. "He came to beg me not to hurry. How good of him!"

But what she said at last was:

"It is very kind of you and Mr. Vernon to be so considerate. We all of us can never be sufficiently grateful to you for what you have done."

By this time the conversation, such as it was, began to flag. Harry Fortescue felt he had been there quite long enough, and yet he scarce knew how to beat a retreat. But here Love, who had before thwarted him, befriended

him by suggesting: "You had better say something which will give you an excuse for calling again very soon."

Then Harry quite brightened up, as every one does at Love's prompting, and rose to depart; but before he went he shot Love's arrow, and it went home.

"It is possible," he said, "as you seem so anxious about getting a situation, that I may hear of one to suit you; and, if you will allow me, I will call again and tell you how I have succeeded."

"O Mr. Fortescue," said Edith, "I should be so much obliged if you would! The sooner I can do something for myself, the better."

And, as she said this, her face was lighted up with a glow of independence and self-reliance, which made her lovely face twice as lovely.

So Harry took his leave, better pleased altogether with his visit than he had dared to hope. At any rate, he had leave to call again soon. But all the while he said to himself:

"She shall never go out as a governess, if I can help it. She looked more like a queen than a drudge when she shook hands with me."

And so he went home to dress for dinner. Strange to say, he found Edward sitting in the same position as when he left him, smoking and staring before him.

"Well, old man," said Harry, who was in good spirits now, "what have you been doing?"

"Nothing," said Edward. "I haven't even been out. We had better go and dress, or we shall be late for the opera."

So they dressed, and went to the club in a hansom, and dined; and after dinner they went to the opera, and there they saw Lady Sweetapple in a box on the grand tier; and she bowed to them, and seemed as though she wanted them to come up to her, but Edward was afraid to go without Harry, and Harry would not go.

"We have seen a good deal of her at High Beech," he said, as though it were an excuse for not seeing any more of her just now.

"I quite agree with you," said Edward, who was all on Florry's side, and who would not have gone to Ascot except for the sake of seeing Alice.

"We shall have enough of her next week at Ascot," said Harry. "Do you know, Edward, I am almost sorry I ever accepted Lady Charity's invitation?"

"There's no good regretting it now," said Edward; "repentance comes too late. Go we must to Ascot under Lady Charity's wing, and you must not forget that you have to go to-morrow to Lady Sweetapple to see if Lady Charity has invited me."

"I sha'n't forget," said Harry. "And now, do you know, I find it so dull here, I shall go off home to bed."

"I'm quite ready to go with you," said Edward, who thought he could think just as well about Alice in bed as at the opera, which was just what Harry thought of himself and Edith Price. So the two again astonished Mrs. Boffin by their early hours, and, what had never occurred in their lodging-house life before, they were both in bed before twelve o'clock.

In spite of going to bed early, Harry Fortescue scarcely slept a wink. He awoke quite wan and haggard, and no delicacy which Mrs. Boffin placed before him seemed to tempt him in the least. He was getting very far on in his disease.

As for Edward, his appetite was much as usual. His love only told on his heart and manner, not on his health, and so he seemed robust compared with Harry.

"You are looking ill, old fellow," he said. "Town doesn't agree with you after the country. You don't eat a morsel, and I dare say you don't sleep well."

"I don't, indeed," said Harry.

"Well, cheer up," said Edward, with great stupidity, "it will soon be all right. We shall meet the Carltons very soon at Ascot, and then we shall be as happy as the day is long."

"You will, I dare say," said Harry; "but I don't feel as if I should be at all happy at Ascot."

"You're the strangest fellow in the world," said Edward. "Why, we're all going because you were going, and now you say you feel as if you shouldn't be at all happy at Ascot."

"I say what I feel," said Harry.

"If you go on in that way," said Edward, "I shall have to take you to Gull. I tell you what it is, your liver is out of order."

"We shall see," said Harry, lighting his pipe. "But let me alone a little now that I may 'reflect,' like Mr. Sonderling."

"With all my heart," said Edward; "for then I can think on Alice."

So the two sat and smoked, and all the while that silly Edward thought Harry was full of Florry Carlton. He thought his dislike at going to Ascot was only because he did not care to go there with Amicia, and he was glad for Florry's sake.

"I sha'n't go down to chambers to-day," said Harry, after he had been silent at least half an hour. "I said I would go down and begin to work; but, on second thoughts, I shall put off work until this horrid Ascot visit is over."

"I am all for putting off work," said Edward. "I am sure I don't care if I don't do a stroke of work for fifty years."

"More shame for you," said Harry. "I really do mean to begin to work, only I don't exactly know how to set about it."

"I shall believe it when I see it," said Edward. "But don't you think it's time you went to see Lady Sweetapple?"

"Any time will do before luncheon," said Harry.

"If you drive it off too long," said Edward, "she'll fancy you are coming to be asked to stay to luncheon."

"Very true," said Harry. "What is the time now? Half-past twelve! I had no notion it was so late. I must get to Lowndes Street as soon as I can."

## CHAPTER XLIX.

HARRY FORTESCUE CALLS ON LADY SWEETAPPLE.

Now, if we were to say that Amicia had not been expecting him, we should tell a dread-

ful story; the world; the height; tions an; tinkling; As; be Harry; cause sh; imagine; pointed. At li; o'clock; hours—; for a la; young ge; She l; knew it; "Nov; I really; well." "O M; you again; quite wel; She s; seeing th; of spirits; once to E; "I do; "But it is; is only th; pure air o; "It w; go?" sai; grievance; "I tho; "to my o; one else, t; help going; "Yes; was all al; Every one; it long ago; and now e; Price." "And; her name; "Oh, r; "I know; I only kno; and, as her; lives in Lu; cality, no; say, no one; Then abou; "I desi; "that you; It should; friends to; every sense; ther explai; lieved." Amicia; all know; so glad you; tied about; Charity say; at Heath H; "I have; lighted to c;

ful story. Every one who lives in that part of the world knows how the door-bell goes in the height of the season; what with invitations and letters, and bills and circulars, the tinkling never ceases.

As Amicia thought that every ring must be Harry's, and that he would come early, because she wanted him to come early, you may imagine how often she had been disappointed.

At last the right ring came, about one o'clock, when Amicia had been waiting two hours—and two hours is a long time to wait for a lady who is very much in love with a young gentleman.

She heard his footstep on the stair, and knew it as if by instinct.

"Now he's really coming," she said, "and I really must forgive him if he behaves well."

"O Mr. Fortescue, I am so glad to see you again! How have you been? Are you quite well?"

She said this because she could not help seeing that he looked wan and pale, and out of spirits, and her quick eye put it down at once to Edith Price.

"I do not feel very well," said Harry, "but it is nothing. Edward Vernon says it is only the change to London smoke after the pure air of High Beech."

"It was your own fault. Why did you go?" said Amicia, returning to the old grievance.

"I thought I had explained," said Harry, "to my own satisfaction, if not to that of any one else, that I only went because I could not help going."

"Yes, I know," said Amicia, bitterly. "It was all about E. P. and that advertisement. Every one knows now who E. P. is. I knew it long ago. I told you her name was Price, and now every one knows that E. P. is Edith Price."

"And what does it signify to any one if her name is Edith Price?" said Harry.

"Oh, nothing, of course," said Amicia. "I know nothing about her, thank Heaven! I only know that her name is Edith Price; and, as her own advertisement confessed, she lives in Lupus Street—a very respectable locality, no doubt, but one in which, I must say, no one ever heard of a lady living before. Then about the check—"

"I desire, Lady Sweetapple," said Harry, "that you will say nothing about the check. It should be sufficient for you and all my friends to know that Miss Price is a lady in every sense of the word. I can give no further explanations, and I expect to be believed."

Amicia was a very clever woman, as you all know by this time. She saw she had pushed her inquiries about Edith Price to the very verge of a quarrel, and she wisely desisted.

"I am so glad to hear she is a lady," was all she added, and then she went on: "I am so glad you have come, because it is all settled about Mr. Vernon's visit to Ascot. Lady Charity says she will be delighted to see him at Heath House."

"I have no doubt Edward will be delighted to come," said Harry, as if he did not

care very much for the visit so far as he himself was concerned.

"And do you not like to come, Mr. Fortescue?" said Amicia, in a tremulous voice.

"I thought I should like it very much when you asked me," was Harry's guarded answer.

"But do you not care to come now?" said Amicia, feeling very much as if her fish were escaping out of her net after all.

By this time Harry, who was really one of the best-natured men in the world, and also one of the best bred, began to see that he would be behaving in a very churlish way if he did not say something civil to Lady Sweetapple after all the trouble she had taken to get Edward asked to Ascot.

"Of course, I care about it. I dare say we shall be very happy at Ascot, if the weather is only fine."

"I wish I could command the weather as you command me," said Amicia; "I would take care to please you in every thing."

As she said this, Amicia did not blush, but Harry blushed, and felt his face grow red and hot. He clutched his hat, and evidently meditated a retreat; but Amicia was not going to part with him yet.

"You musn't go yet, Mr. Fortescue," she said; "I have so much to tell you;" and then, instead of telling him any thing, she came and sat nearer to him, and asked him how he had liked the opera the night before.

"So little," said Harry, "that I went away at the end of the first act. I never enjoyed any music so little."

"That was because you did not come up to me," said Amicia. "I did not care a bit for the music; but we might have had some rational conversation."

"I am sure I don't know why we did not go up to your box, except that we both felt so tired that we went home to bed."

"When I saw you leave the stalls," said Amicia, "I made sure you were coming up to the grand tier, and I said so to my friend Lady Gadabout—you know Lady Gadabout, of course?—but you never came; and so—and so," she said, "I, too, went back to bed, not so much tired as disappointed."

"I should be so sorry to cause you any disappointment," said Harry, who felt his face cool again.

"Then be a good boy and do as I tell you," said Amicia. Then she went on: "Do you never think of marrying, Mr. Fortescue?"

Harry's face began to glow again, and he felt his heart beating.

"I have thought of it a great deal, and always come to the same conclusion."

"And pray what is that?" said Amicia, eagerly.

"That it is no use thinking of marriage if one has not money to support a wife."

"A very poor excuse," said Amicia. "Other people have money if you have not."

"Of course, I know that," said Harry, not choosing to take what she said as she meant it—"of course, I know that. There is Lord Pennyroyal, for instance; he has plenty of money, and he is married. That only proves what I say. He has money, and

is married; I have only a competence, and am not."

"You will not understand," said Amicia, almost violently. "I meant there were women that had money."

"Florry Carlton, for instance," said Harry; "but I know little of Florry Carlton."

"I don't mean Florry Carlton," said Amicia; "I don't like Florry Carlton. If I had my way, I should never marry her to you. Other women have money besides Florry Carlton."

"I don't think I shall ever marry a woman with money," said Harry. "It's against my principles. I could not bear to live on my wife's money."

"That's being rather hard on all the heiresses and women who have money," said Amicia. "Would you condemn them all to perpetual celibacy because you are too proud to marry a woman with money? Consider what the result would be. The world would come to an end."

"Then, at least," said Harry, "our dear friend Mrs. Marjoram would have her way, and we should have the millennium."

"I don't want the millennium," said Amicia. "I suspect it is only another term for a community of wives or husbands. If I ever married again, I should expect to have my husband all to myself, and, if he were young and good-looking, I should be very jealous of him;" and, as she said this, she gave Harry a look of love which it was impossible to mistake—for you must all remember that Amicia was very fond of him, and very much piqued at his coldness.

Harry Fortescue now felt that he must effect a diversion, and try to escape. He thought he could best do this by carrying the war into the enemy's quarters; so he said, looking hard at Amicia:

"And have you never thought of marrying again, Lady Sweetapple?"

"How can you ask such a silly question?" said Amicia. "I should have thought you knew better. I am very well as I am. Why should I marry again?"

This cunning answer nearly threw Harry off his balance.

"Oh," he said, "you spoke just now of what you would do if you married again, and so I fancied you had thought about it."

"Very ridiculous," said Amicia, "and just like a man. They always fancy women, and widows especially, are perpetually thinking of marriage. Now, it is quite time enough for a single woman to think of marriage when some one proposes to her seriously. If you want to know my intentions," she went on, in a half-joking way, "you had better propose to me, and then you shall have a proper answer; but pray do not do any thing of the kind unless you are really in earnest."

After this very clever speech, in which Amicia showed her own mind without compromising herself, Harry Fortescue felt that, if he did not mean to propose, he had better depart. And so he again seized his hat and took leave.

"You will come and see me again," said Amicia, "before the week is out; and by that time I hope you will have abandoned your pride and your principles together, and



made up your mind, if you meet a woman that you like, not to let her money stand in your, or rather in her, way."

By the time she had ended, Harry was on the stairs, but he heard it all; and what he said to himself when he got into the street was: "I hardly know how I got out of that, but I feel as if I had had an escape of making a fool of myself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SOVEREIGN REMEDIES.

IN spite of the boasted enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and in the face of the signal advance of medical science, the number of superstitious remedies still in use among the common people, especially in England, is surprisingly great. We have compiled with some care a list of those that are in vogue in various quarters as "sovereign remedies," and are employed by thousands with more or less faith.

The first on our list is a charm for the cure of the ague; it is to be written on a piece of paper, read solemnly, the paper then folded, knotted, and never thereafter opened.

"When Jesus saw y' cross, whereon His body should be crucified, His body shook, and y' Jewes asked Him had He the Ague? He answered and said: 'Whosoever keepeth this in mind or writing shall not be troubled with Fever or Ague,' so Lord help Thy servant trusting in Thee."

This, however, calls for an exercise of faith, with very little work. Another remedy for the same is more tangible, if not quite so pleasant to the palate. It is nothing more nor less than to take a spider, the larger the better, envelop it with a coating of dough or preserved fruit, and then swallow the bolus. Its virtue is said to be so great that the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle are credited with its use at the present day; as also of the following, which is said to be quite as certain in its effects—and it no doubt is—to the insect, which is put into a bottle, that is then corked tight and buried. As the insect dies, the disease will leave the patient, who will soon entirely recover.

Such a remedy is certainly preferable to the one preceding it, or to eating a large slice of bread, on which candle-snuff has been spread with butter and molasses, a popular prescription in some parts of England, and which is made more effective if the patient washes the morsels down with water from the nearest church-font.

For bleeding at the nose, a toad is to be killed, and carried in a bag suspended from the patient's neck. The length of time for which this is to be worn is not stated, but the remedy is one which, "with variations," Sir Kenelm Digby recommends for many ailments.

In the Orkney Islands, when any one is attacked with hemorrhage, or bleeding, at the nose, the nearest old crone is sent for, who slowly mutters over the sufferer:

"Three virgins came over Jordan's land,  
Each with a bloody knife in her hand;  
Stem, blood, stem—Letherly stand;  
Bloody nose (or mouth), in God's name, mend!"

In Devonshire, they repeat the following:

"Our blessed Saviour was born in Bethlehem,  
and baptized in the river Jordan;

'The waters were wild and rude,

'The child, Jesus, was meek, mild, and good.'

He put his foot into the waters, and the waters stopped;  
and so shall thy blood, in the name of the 'Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'

For a snake-bite, it is an old custom to kill the reptile and apply its fat to the wound; while the familiar invitation to "take a hair of the dog that bit you," is accepted daily in some parts of England, where it is still customary to apply to a bite a handful of the hair of the dog inflicting it. Nor are the English alone in their application of this remedy; for, a short time ago, a case was reported in Philadelphia, where a German woman brought to a physician a child whose leg had been fearfully mangled by a dog. The wound was filled with hair, which had produced a festering sore, and, on asking the woman the reason of its being there, she stated that, having always heard that the hair of a dog was good for his bite, she had, as the animal was making off, run after him, and, tearing a handful of hair from his back, applied it to the child's bleeding limb.

When a Cornishman is inflicted with boils, he finds a bramble-bush whose stalks are rooted in the ground at both ends, and, getting on his hands and knees, he crawls under it. Upon what principle of therapeutics this is based is unknown, but it is believed to be a never-failing cure.

The Shetlanders, to cure a burn, breathe on it three times, each time repeating:

"Here come I to cure a burnt sore;

If the dead knew what the living endure,

The burnt sore would burn no more."

In Orkney, the following is substituted:

"A dead wife out of the grave arose,  
And through the sea she swimm'd,  
Through the water wade to the cradle,  
God save the bairn—burnt sair,  
Het fire, cool soon, in God's name."

And the charm in Cornwall consists of:

"There were two angels came from the East;

One brought fire, the other frost.

Out fire! in frost!

In the name of the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost!"

In Devonshire, the verse has three angels in it:

"There were three angels came from the east and west;

One brought fire, and another brought frost;

And the third it was the Holy Ghost.

Out fire, in frost; in the name of the Father,

The Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

And this is also modified, in other parts of her majesty's realm, into:

"An angel came from the north,

And he brought cold and frost;

An angel came from the south,

And he brought heat and fire;

The angel from the north

Put out the fire.

In the name of the Father, and

Of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!"

Peter Leveus, "Master of Arts in Oxford, and Student in Physick and Chirurgery," in his "Pathway to Health," which was "printed for J. W., and sold by Charles Tym, at the Three Bibles, on London Bridge, MDCLXIV," prescribes:

"For a Man or Woman that is in a Consumption.—Take a brasse pot, and fill it with water, and set it on the fire, and put a great

earthen pot within that pot, and then put in these parcels following: Take a cock and pull him alive, then flea off his skin, then beat him in pieces; take dates, a pound, and slit out the stones, and lay a layer of them in the bottom of the pot, and then lay a piece of the cock, and upon that some more of the dates, and take sucory, endive, and parsley-roots, and so every layer, one upon another, and put in fine gold and some pearl and cover the pot as close as may bee with coarse dow, and so let it distill a good while, and so reserve it for your use till such time as you have need thereof."

Not content with prescribing for specific ailments, he gives as a charm:

"For all Manner of Falling Evils.—Take the blood of his little finger that is sick, and write these three verses following, and hang it about his neck:

'Jasper fert Mirham, Thus Melchior, Balthazar, Aurum,

Hæc quicquid secum portat tria nomina regum,  
Solvitur a morbo. Domini plectat, caduca"—

and it shall help the party so grieved."

For preventing cramps, various are the suggestions. Tying a garter around the left leg below the knee is practised everywhere; and even improved on by boys, who tie eel-skins around their limbs, in order that they may not be attacked while swimming. Rings dug out of old graves are, in various localities, deemed infallible; while in others, placing shoes under the bed-covers, leaving the toes sticking out, is the preventive, *par excellence*. Again, in some places, shoes are put under the bed, soles upward, or both shoes and stockings are laid crosswise on the floor.

Among the many antidotes for the poisonous stings of locusts, which go the round of the newspapers, when those seventeen-yearly visitors make their appearance in this country, none seems so popular as that of cutting a chicken in two, and binding the warm, palpitating half to the wound. Though of modern use, this is by no means a new remedy, for we find that the learned Dr. Donne, Mr. Secretary Pepys, and Bishop Jeremy Taylor, all agree in ascribing to this application wonderful virtues in cases of inflammation and fevers. Indeed, it is by no means improbable that the good old bishop saw it used with marvellous effect in cases of the dreaded "squinnance."

For fits, great faith is placed in the curative properties of rings, made from silver coin, voluntarily given the afflicted person by acquaintances of the opposite sex; in addition to this, to go into a church at midnight, and walk around the communion-table three times, is considered to be very efficacious. So far from this practice being a thing of the past, the London *Times*, not very many years ago, described a scene at the door of a country church, where a young woman sat holding out her hand, mutely awaiting the voluntary alms-giving, which was necessary to perfect the spell, and endow her ring with its healing virtues.

A headache is treated to an application of snake-skin, which is bound over the forehead and temples; and a never-failing remedy for jaundice consists of nine lice placed on a piece of bread, and eaten.

It has been found, however, that the scarcity of the necessary ingredients of this prescription has caused it to fall somewhat into disuse.

That failing of children, which necessitates the thorough airing of beds and bed-linen throughout the day, has long been favored by a prescription of three roasted mice, which are said to be equally potent in cases of the measles, though, for the latter, a decoction, commonly known as "sheep-tea," is of modern use, and enjoys quite a favorable reputation in this country. Nor is the use of cooked mice confined to the before-mentioned ailments, but extends to whooping-cough, in which many of us can, doubtless, recollect its prescription, if not use; and, indeed, two centuries ago, the little animals were very highly esteemed for their medicinal and other qualities. An old book says of them:

"The flesh eaten causeth oblivion, and corrupteth the meat; it is hot, soft, and fatish, and expelleth melancholy. A mouse, dissected and applied, draweth out reeds, darts, and other things that stick in the flesh. Mice bruised and reduced to the consistence of an acopon, with old wine, cause hair on the eyebrows. Being eaten by children, when roasted, they dry up the spittle. The magicians eat them twice a month, against the paines of the teeth. The water in which they have been boiled helps against the quinsy. The fresh blood kills warts. The ashes of the skinned, applied with vinegar, help the paines of the head. The head worn in a cloth helps the epilepsy. The brains, being steeped in wine, and applied to the forehead, helpeth the headach. Used with water, it cureth the phrensy. The heart, taken out of a mouse when alive, worn about the arms of a woman, causeth no conception. The fillet of the liver, drunk with austere wine, helpeth quartans. The liver, roasted in the new of the moon, trieth the epilepsy. The dung is corrosive. Given in any liquor, it helpeth the collicke. It looseth the body; therefore, some nurses use it for children in suppositories. It helpeth hollow teeth, being put therein."

The remedies for rheumatism are legion; from the wearing of charmed belts, stolen chestnuts or potatoes, amber beads, and what not, to bathing the affected part with water from the church-font; or carrying as amulets the foot of a rabbit, or a piece of mountain-ash. Few persons wholly escape the disease; and it would be amusing if the pockets of staid merchants, "grave and reverend seignors," and the "women who talk" as well as "the women who work," could be emptied, showing that each has that little grain of superstition, which is gratified by carrying the charm, while common-sense is put aside with, "Well! it won't do any harm, if it don't do any good."

In Shetland, ashes are rubbed on a ring-worm, and the following repeated:

"Ringworm, ringworm red!  
Never mayst thou spread;  
But aye grow less and less,  
And die away among the aye."

The application and charm, however, lose their potency, unless done on three successive mornings before breakfast.

An Irish remedy for scarlet fever and whooping-cough consists in taking some of the child's hair and putting it down the throat of a donkey, in the firm belief that the animal will take the disease, and the sufferer be relieved.

William Ellis, who lived in the middle of the last century, thus describes a very remarkable cure of scrofula or king's-evil:

"A girl at Gaddesden, having the evil in her feet from her infancy, at eleven years old lost one of her toes by it, and was so bad that she could hardly walk, therefore was to be sent to a London hospital in a little time.

"But a beggar-woman, coming to the door and hearing of it, said that, if they would cut off the hind-leg and the fore-leg, on the contrary side of that, of a toad, and she wear them in a silken bag about her neck, it would certainly cure her; but it was to be observed that, on the toad's losing its legs, it was to be turned loose abroad, and, as it pined, wasted, and died, the distemper would likewise waste and die, which happened accordingly, for the girl was entirely cured by it, never having had the evil afterward."

After all, probably, the safest remedy of our whole list is that of pure rain-water for sore eyes; and even to this superstition has imparted a taint, by prescribing that it must be collected in the month of June, to remain pure and retain its properties.

The reader has already perceived that the inhabitants of Shetland and Orkney are believers in charms and incantations. The former "pow-wow" a sprained joint by tying around it a thread of black wool in which nine knots have been made, muttering during the operation:

"The Lord rade,  
And the foal slade;  
He lighted,  
An she righted.  
Set joint to joint,  
Bone to bone,  
And sinew to sinew.  
Heal, in the Holy Ghost's name!"

In Orkney, a linen thread is used, and the incantation is altered into:

"Our Saviour rade,  
His fore-foot slade;  
Our Saviour lighted down;  
Sinew to sinew, joint to joint,  
Blood to blood, and bone to bone,  
Mend thou in God's name!"

Another version of the same charm is:

"As our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, was riding into Jerusalem, His horse tripped and sprained his leg. Our blessed Lord and Saviour blessed it and said:

'Bone to bone, and vein to vein,  
O vein! turn to thy rest again.'

So shall thine in the name," etc., etc.

To drive out a thorn, Devonshire folks are said to bind a piece of snake-skin on the opposite side of the hand; and in Northampton the following verse is said, to prevent a thorn from festering in the flesh:

"Our Saviour was of a virgin born,  
His head was crowned with a crown of thorn,  
It never cankered nor festered at all,  
And I hope in Christ Jesus this never shall."

Many of us have heard of dock-leaf as being a sure cure for nettle-stings; and boys who use it say, while rubbing it on the place stung:

"Nettle in—dock out,  
Dock in—nettle out!"—

without being aware that it is spoken of by the father of English poetry, who says:

"Thou biddest me that I should love another  
All freshly new, and let Cressidé go,  
It li'th not in my power, levé brother,  
And though I might, yet would I not do so;  
But canst thou play racken to and fro,  
Nettle in, dock out; now this, now that, Pan-dare?  
Now foulé fall her for thy woe that care."

The list of remedies for the toothache is led off by one from our philosophic acquaintance, Sir Kenelm Digby. In his "Choice and Experimental Receipts in Physick and Chirurgery," printed in 1668, he gives "A Sympathetic Cure for the Tooth-Ach:"

"With an iron nail raise and cut the gum from about the teeth till it bleed, and that some of the blood stick upon the nail; then drive it into a wooden beam up to the head; after this is done, you shall never have the tooth-ach in all your life."

In our time, a tooth from a corpse is worn as an amulet, as is also the following charm:

"Peter sat on a marble stone, weeping.  
Christ came past and said, 'What aileth thee, Peter?'

'O my Lord, my God, my tooth doth ache!'

'Arise, O Peter! go thy way, thy tooth shall ache no more.'

Or the sufferer repeats:

"All glory! all glory! all glory! be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost."

"As our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, was walking in the garden of Gethsemane, He saw Peter weeping. He called him unto Him and said, 'Peter, why weepest thou?' Peter answered, and said, 'Lord, I am grievously tormented with pain, the pain of my tooth.' Our Lord answered and said, 'If thou wilt believe in Me, and My words abide with thee, thou shalt never feel any more pain in thy tooth.' Peter said, 'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.' In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. God grant me ease from the pain in my teeth."

The eighth Psalm is supposed to possess healing properties, when said over a child ailing with the thrush; yet the knowledge of it is not so universal as might be expected, and we find other remedies proposed, one of which is to have the child's mouth breathed into by a posthumous child; another to insert into the child's mouth the bill of a duck, that the cold breath of the fowl may effect a cure; and still another, to take three rushes from a running stream, and, passing them separately through the child's mouth, throw them into the water again. As they float away, the disease disappears.

To rub warts with a bean-pod, and throw it away, believing that, as the pod decays, the warts will disappear; to rub them with a snail, and impale it on a thorn; to rub them with a cinder, and drop it at the crossing of two roads; to rub them with a piece of meat, and throw it away; to count them, and, tying on a string as many knots as there are warts, throw it away; and to do the same with a number of the joints of wheat-stalks, are among the many things current for their removal.

Lord Bacon tells us how his own were disposed of:

"The taking away of warts by rubbing them with somewhat that afterward is put to waste and consume, is a common experiment; and I do apprehend it the rather, because of mine own experience. I had from childhood a wart upon one of my fingers; afterwards, when I was about sixteen years old, being then at Paris, there grew upon both my hands a number of warts (at least an hundred), in a month's space; the English ambassador's lady, who was a woman far from superstition, told me one day she would help me away with my warts, whereupon she got a piece of lard with the skin on, and rubbed the warts all over with the fat side, and amongst the rest that wart which I had from my childhood; then she nailed the piece of lard with the fat toward the sun, upon a post of her chamber window, which was to the south. The success was that, within five weeks' space, all the warts went quite away, and that wart which I had so long endured for company; but at the rest I did little marvel, because they came in a short time, and might go away in a short time again, but the going of that which had stayed so long doth yet stick with me. They say the like is done by rubbing of warts with a green elder-stick, and then burying the stick to rot in muck."

For wens and swollen neck, rubbing with the hand of a hanged person, or with a piece of the rope used for his execution, seems to be a popular remedy.

And lastly, for whooping-cough. Administering shell-lice; using a drinking-cup of ivy; allowing a piebald horse to breathe on the patient; giving nine fried mice, three each day, for three days in succession; tying around the patient's neck a bag containing a caterpillar; passing the child nine times under the belly and over the back of a donkey; feeding it on current-cake made by a woman who did not change her name on getting married, or on bread-and-butter made in a house the master of which is named John, and the mistress Joan; getting the owner of a piebald horse to say what will effect a cure; holding a toad in the child's mouth, in order that it may catch the disease; giving the patient for drink, new milk out of a cup made of variegated holly; all of which are in use to this day as infallible—are deemed sufficient to enable us to close up our talk about Sovereign Remedies.

EDWIN PARK.

## PATCHOULY.

ONE of the early fruits of the commerce opened from the East by the establishment of British rule in India was the introduction westward of the famous Cashmere or India shawls. These shawls, wrought by hand with great dexterity and taste, from wool of a fineness and beauty before unknown to Europe, were soon in great request; and, as they were enormously high in value, the imitative ingenuity of the West was soon put in rivalry with the skill and advantages of the East. The Parisians succeeded in producing excellent counterfeits—so good, it is said, that unskilled persons were deceived, as far as appearance went; but yet there was one thing

wanting. The real India shawls possessed a peculiar and agreeable odor, which was as new to European noses as the shawls themselves were to European eyes. This odor pertinaciously clung to the fabric, and a genuine "India" unfailingly advertised itself as such by its perfume.

As may be imagined, the cause of this odor was duly inquired into, and it was found to be given to the shawls by contact with an herb known to the Hindoos as *putcha-pat* or *patchouli*, or, as it is more commonly spelled, *patchouly*. Importation of the dried herb, as an aid to the shawl-makers' enterprise, naturally followed; and this led to its introduction as a perfume into Europe, and thence to our own country. It remains a favorite in both continents to the present day.

Patchouly somewhat resembles our common garden-sage. The ottar, or odorous principle, resides in the leaves and stems, and is easily separated by ordinary distillation. This ottar is a very dense liquid, of a yellow-brown color and oily appearance, and possesses an intense odor of a somewhat *musty* turn, or, as some one has well said, "it smells of old coats." To most persons it is positively disagreeable when smelled in a concentrated state; but this is equally true of most other perfuming substances. When diffused, its character is quite changed. The strength of odor of this ottar is so great that, mixed volume for volume with any other one, the patchouly will always predominate. And it is durable as well as strong. A friend of ours accidentally spilled a small quantity of the ottar on the leaves of a letter-book, several years since, and to this day so strong a scent remains that letters copied in it by pressure, in the ordinary way, gain an odor of patchouly by their brief contact.

Ottar of patchouly, or, as it is more generally called, essential oil of patchouly, is largely distilled in India. It comes to us in black wine-bottles, holding the odd amount of twenty-one ounces. The value of the package, if the ottar is of prime quality, is about seventy-five dollars at wholesale rates, or four to four and a half dollars per ounce.

The handkerchief essence known as "extract of patchouly" is simply a solution of the ottar in deodorized alcohol, a small proportion of ottar of rose being usually added, which materially improves the scent. Thus prepared, patchouly is in great favor, having softness, sweetness, and durability, added to the nameless charm which first commended it to the lovers of perfume.

JOHN H. SNIVELY.

## THE HERMIT.

THE holiday was azure-roofed and fair,  
And to the Coliseum thronged again  
Children with silken darkness in their hair,  
Fond, tender women, and rude, brawny men;  
And all gaze centred in the ring below,  
To view the gladiatorial show.

The late days past had been to waning Rome  
Like wine of pearls in pleasure's brittle bowl.

There had been pomps by legions marching home,  
And civic games, and races to a goal;  
There had been fights with beasts; and now  
all breath  
Served expectation at the show of death.

This was the triumph which had been decreed  
To Stilicho, who, on an Easter-day,  
Had met the invading Goth and made him bleed,  
And hurled him o'er the border in dismay.  
But with drawn swords the gladiators came  
To end the pleasures with a deed of shame.

Feeling the weight of eyes upon them rest,  
They came undauntedly, for often pride  
Shuts up the dens of fear within the breast;  
And these were bold to battle till they died,  
But lacked the fortitude, uncommon still,  
To offer hind'rance to the general will.

For it is less to face soon-ended death  
Than 'tis to face a popular, great wrong.  
But bolder he, armed with intrepid breath,  
A white-haired hermit, broad of soul and strong,  
Who in that deep arena dared intrude  
His wise appeal among the multitude.

"This is not pleasure—it is shame!" he cried.  
"O people, let these public murders cease!  
Here let them fall, and now, lest we be dyed  
In guiltless blood again, and mar our peace.  
Oh, let us not with sin God's grace repay,  
Who gave us might to drive the Goth away!"

Bareheaded, and with naked feet, he stood  
Between the fighters in the open place,  
Clothed in plain robe. His face was mild and good,  
And seemed to shine with kindness for his race;  
For there are hearts so large, so pure and free,  
That they have love for all humanity.

But, round him, loud the Coliseum rang  
With disapproval. 'Gainst his kind appeal  
The populace exclaimed: "On, on! Let clang  
The sharp contention of exciting steel!  
On, gladiators, on! Nor heed nor look  
Turn to the froward babble of this brook!"

Yet with firm front he stayed the swordsmen back,  
True as an arrow to his heart's good aim.  
The whirlpool of the people in attack  
Surged down upon him, hissing as it came,  
And, bruised and buffeted until he died,  
He was as drift engulfed in that round tide.

But, when the throng beheld him prone in gore,  
His long white locks red-clotted, and his wear  
Soiled by fierce feet, at Anger's open door  
Stood tearful Pity, innocent and fair.  
They loathed what they had done, and from  
that day  
The shows of gladiators passed away.

Oh, great the martyr's blood! for it can preach  
Its owner's cause far better than he knew.  
Its very drops are tongued, and utter speech  
As voluble as rumor, but most true,  
And grander than the thunder that aloud  
Blows the wild trumpet of the iron cloud.

HENRY ARDREY.



## TABLE-TALK.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the younger, is almost constantly before the Parisian public in some character or other, and there are two parts which he has made peculiarly his own. One is as the dramatist, *par excellence*, of the immoralities of modern Parisian society; the other is as the eloquent preacher-up of a severe morality, in pamphlets addressed to his erring countrymen and countrywomen. All the world looked aghast when the author of "Camille" and "La Dame aux Camelias," immediately after the late war, took it into his head to lecture his readers on their moral obtuseness, their fondness for loose plays, and their devotion to noxious fiction; and more than hinted that conjugal infidelity had not a little to do with the French defeat. Everybody said that M. Dumas had undergone a very singular spasm of virtue; and a spasm, ephemeral though severe, it proved to be. Anon appeared from his pen the most openly immoral and dazzlingly vicious drama he had ever produced; and "La Princesse Georges" soon cast M. Dumas's moral lecture into oblivious shade. But M. Dumas has suffered a repetition of his moral fit. In a letter just published, and evidently intended for the public eye, if not, indeed, as the proclaiming herald of a forthcoming play, M. Dumas proceeds with all gravity, and with no little eloquence, to discuss the relations of husband and wife, and evolves a rather complex but certainly lofty theory of the marital relation. He assumes to be, by experience and insight, a conjugal philosopher; and, far from taking a flippantly "Frenchy" view of the most important of all domestic institutions, pleads for the sanctity of the fire-side, and shows how true love, and hence true marriage, may be attained. His two leading points are that, as the marital tie is a most solemn covenant, it should only be assumed after great deliberation and with the most serious caution; and that marital affection is neither an event of accident, of passion, nor of association, but proceeds from an intelligent cultivation of soul by soul. He makes of love a fine art, a matter of culture and consideration, of training, and constant self-examination. When marriage ensues upon an affection thus founded, it cannot fail, according to the Dumasian philosophy, of proving the best and happiest of all human joys. M. Dumas does not, however, take a sanguine view of the prospects of a realization of his theory in the world he sees around him. The men who truly know how to win the soul of a woman are very rare; the affections and emotions of women are superior to those of men; and, while the gentler sex look upon the altar as a stepping-stone to a higher sphere, the ruder usually fail to appreciate the delicacy and nobility of the essay which the wife is making. Such are the main re-

flections with which the Du Bourg murder has inspired his mind; and his ideas are wrought out with such earnestness, eloquence, and force, that we cannot help wishing that the brilliant dramatist would cease his reckless play-writing, and occupy himself with giving to the world a series of the studies he has evidently made in this important and always deeply-interesting subject.

— Field-Marshal von Moltke appears in the new rôle of an author and a prophet. It seems that there is a bureau in the Berlin war-office devoted to historical records; and from this bureau comes the first volume of the official "History of the Franco-German War," prefaced by a remarkable memorandum, written by Von Moltke, as far back as 1868. The war was at that time already foreseen, at least by Von Moltke, and the preparations on the part of Germany had not only been begun, but were virtually completed. Von Moltke's memorandum shows that the plan of campaign, which was adopted in France in 1870, was carefully and fully matured, down to minute details, in the winter of 1868. He estimated the numbers which each party would be able to bring into the field with an accuracy which, considering the not improbable changes of two years, was amazing. The possibility that the South-German States might take part with France was a not distant one, and Von Moltke had to provide for a single-handed contest, if necessary, with France, Bavaria, Saxony, Württemberg, and perhaps Austria. He saw that the French emperor would make his headquarters at Metz and Strasbourg; that an attempt would be made, either to enter Germany by the northwest or to cut off South Germany; and that it was essential to the Prussians to anticipate these attempts by themselves taking the initiative. So he advocated the concentration of the Prussian forces in the angle between the Rhine and the Moselle, whence they could protect both sides of the German frontier, and compel Napoleon either to divide his forces, to remain *in statu quo*, or to leave one side of France wholly exposed, while the Germans themselves could receive supplies and reinforcements with the greatest facility. From this general outline, Von Moltke proceeded, with all the precision of trained military genius, to the closest details. He foresaw the feasibility of the invasion of Alsace and Lorraine, and he prepared all the auxiliaries of transportation, the commissariat, the supply of arms, and the bringing up of reserves, which, when the war broke out, immediately betrayed the superiority of the German over the French organization. Von Moltke erred, if at all, in over-estimating the efficiency of the emperor's resources. Even he could not comprehend the extent to which peculation and venality were to be his allies. The publication of this memorandum shows to what perfection the method of German military science has attained; perhaps, in the

hands of a soldier of less genius than Von Moltke, results so exactly in accordance with prevision might not have been attained; but there is every evidence that the German military mind works upon experience, that it proceeds by purely logical and orderly steps, and that its superiority over its adversaries was due, in a large degree, to study at Berlin, as well as to gallant action on the fields of Sadowa, Gravelotte, and Sedan.

— The *New-York Times*, in a recent editorial on "dumb conductors," censures severely the habit our city car-conductors have, instead of asking for their fare, of rudely seizing a passenger by the shoulder or arm, and silently thrusting the other hand into his face. We have called attention, in this JOURNAL, to the indignity which every person entering our cars is thus subjected to, and we should be glad now to see the press generally take up the matter until a public opinion is aroused that will resent and thus terminate the offence. One, who signs himself "conductor," writes to the *Times*, and insolently attempts to defend the conductors. He says: "An experience of one week as conductor on a horse-car would thoroughly convince you that not more than one-half the people who ride thereon would pay their fare unless they were poked." It is surprising that the editor of the *Times* did not sharply castigate "conductor" for the insolent falsehood in this statement. He continues: "Most people riding on horse-cars ride daily; they know the price of a ride; the conductors are easily distinguished, those employed on the line of which I am conductor wearing two badges, and uniform hats or caps. Now, if passengers do not want to be poked, why do they not offer their fare on entering a car? They know the rule is to pay on entering, yet how few offer their fare as soon as convenient." Now, "conductor" knows that it is not the rule or the custom for passengers to pay on entering a car, but that the conductor makes his round at regular intervals for collecting the fare. The fellow further says: "It is a common occurrence for passengers to get on the rear of a car, and, rudely pushing the conductor aside, boldly plough their way to the front of the car, to which place the conductor must follow to collect his fares." Instead of this being true, people are in the habit of persistently remaining on the rear platform, and near the rear door, obstructing egress and ingress, when there is abundance of standing-room in the fore-part of the car. As "conductor" knows no more about his business than he does the truth, we will give him and his class definite instructions—this duty apparently never being performed by the officials of the road. Let the conductor call distinctly for fares upon each of his rounds, and *then*, if a passenger is heedless or neglectful, there can be no just complaint if the conductor finds it necessary to "poke" him; and let passengers hereafter *compel* this much

of respect and decent attention: let them make conductors understand that, for one man, if a stranger, to place his hand upon another, is under any circumstance ill-bred, and from a public servant it is an intolerable indignity.

— The *World* remarks as follows:

"Thousands of persons cross the ferries every day, numbers of them more for the sake of the excursion than for business. A great many of these are ladies and children, to whom the fresh breezes of the rivers and bay are almost indispensable at this season. The trip to Staten Island is an especially popular one with these seekers after health. On the upper deck of the boats of that line the spaces allotted to passengers are literally crowded with women and children daily. Invariably in the very front part of the boat men smoking cigars or pipes are to be seen, and the fumes from these are wafted into the faces of the ladies and children seated behind, depriving them of that fresh air for which, chiefly, they have come out." This selfish disregard of the rights and comfort of others is apparent everywhere. Smokers resort to the front platform of our cars, and heedlessly puff their smoke into the face of every passenger within the vehicle, often making ladies intensely ill from the effects; they crowd on promenades and claim the privilege of subjecting every one to the nauseating inhalation of their smoke; they fill our public parks, our hotels, and restaurants, and fairly threaten to render tobacco a most intolerable nuisance. Public opinion ought to stamp smoking in public places as excessively ill-mannered and boorish. It did do so once, but the majority of smokers have succeeded in abolishing or disregarding all those considerate restrictions under which the cigar or the pipe was once enjoyed.

— *Harper's Weekly* tells us that Professor Tyndall is "the very type of a burly Englishman, always in the best of health." But Professor Tyndall is not an Englishman, having been born in Ireland; nor is he burly, being of a wiry, elastic physique, and nervous temperament, far more resembling the typical American than the burly Saxon; and, lastly, he does not, unfortunately, enjoy the best of health—this being due, no doubt, to his excessive labors. Professor Tyndall's frequent excursions to the Alps arose from the absolute necessity for healthful relaxation and exercise.

### Literary Notes.

THE announcement is made, by the *American Naturalist's* agency, of the approaching readiness for publication of a new work on the birds of North America, from the pen of Dr. Elliott Coues, assistant-surgeon U. S. A. Those who have observed the progress of American ornithology for the last twelve

years must be familiar with the labors of Dr. Coues, beginning with a memoir on the birds of Labrador, and then followed by numerous valuable monographs of the sandpipers, of the gulls, of the grebes, loons, etc., together with general papers upon the birds of Arizona, of South and North Carolina, and numerous sketches of bird-life in the *American Naturalist* and in the *London Ibis*. The thoroughness with which all the technical papers referred to have been prepared, and the approbation that they have met from the best ornithologists at home and abroad, are a sufficient guarantee of the character of the forthcoming work. This is intended especially to meet the want, which has existed since the appearance of Nuttall's "Manual of Ornithology," in 1840, of a convenient and portable synopsis of the birds of North America, and has been made with particular reference to use by those who are ignorant of the technicalities of the science. By an ingenious system of analysis, Dr. Coues has prepared an artificial key by means of which a school-boy can, in an incredibly short space of time, determine with unerring precision the family and genus to which any North-American bird that he may have before him belongs, while the determination of the species is a matter of almost equal facility. In this respect, the work differs from many more pretentious, that require a thorough knowledge of the science to make use of them at all. There is also a well-written essay upon the anatomy and physiology of birds in general, and a description of all the terms used in the definitions of the science. We feel perfectly safe in commending this work—the appearance of which may be looked for in the course of a few weeks—to all those who have occasion to identify the birds they may kill, or which they may find already preserved.

An eleventh and entirely revised edition of Sir Charles Lyell's "Principles of Geology" has recently been published in England, and issued in America, by D. Appleton & Co., in exact counterpart of the English volumes. The first volume of this edition appears after an interval of five years, "during which time," says the preface, "much discussion has taken place on important theoretical points bearing on meteorology and climate, and much new information obtained by deep-sea dredging in regard to the temperature and shape of the bed of the ocean, and of its living inhabitants." This newly-acquired knowledge has necessitated the rewriting of four chapters, which "relate to the geological proofs of former changes of climate, and the paramount importance of the distribution and height of the land, over all other causes, in bringing about past variations of temperature." In other chapters, the latest known facts concerning marine currents are dwelt upon, and theories of oceanic circulation recently propounded are considered. The second volume appears after an interval of only three years. It contains new information in regard to New-Zealand geysers, with reference to Professor Tyndall's illustration of the probable mode of geyser-action; on the action of water in volcanoes; in regard to the transfer of sediment causing the shifting of the subterranean isothermals; on the temperature and fauna of Lake Superior; and on the depth to which the ocean is inhabited, as illustrated by deep-sea dredging. It also discusses Wallace on the origin of the dog, Darwin on natural selection, and Mivart's objections thereto; and also Darwin on abnormal structure in prehistoric man. Lyell's "Geology" must now, in its complete form, be accepted as the most au-

thentic and exhaustive publication on the important science of which it treats.

A Jewish novel, written in Hebrew, entitled "Aberrations in the Path of Life," by Peter Smolensky, has been published in Vienna. It is a story of the Russian Jews, in which the oppression and outrages to which they are subject; the venality and corruption of the authorities and officials, from the highest to the lowest; the inevitable consequences thereof prevailing among the Jews; the system of espionage that exists for the purposes of blackmailing; the growth of demoralization; the degeneracy of the sense of loyalty to the laws; the prevalence of fraud and deception, hypocrisy and intrigue, meanness and grossness, in Russia, especially under the former government—all these are drawn with a sharp, caustic pencil. It delineates the religious life of the Russian Jews, and describes the two factions of the Church—the *Chassidim*, the miracle-believing pietists, and the *Misnagdim*, their pious opponents. The story is a very romantic one, crowded with adventure, and affords many remarkable insights into the life and habits of the people among whom the scene of the story is placed.

Osgood & Co. will publish shortly Hawthorne's suppressed novel, "Fanshawe," and a volume of fugitive pieces, collected by that indefatigable and accomplished deliver among the literature of the past, Mr. J. E. Babson. These pieces have been gathered from several periodicals, most of which died long ago—the *Democratic Review*, the *New-England Magazine*, *Graham's Magazine*, the *Salem Gazette*, etc.—and exhibit the author in the early prime of his powers. One of the most notable papers is entitled "A Book of Autographs," in which the author takes up the signatures of the great men of Revolutionary times, and descants, in his peculiarly humorous way, upon their characteristics. His estimates of Hancock—whom he regarded as a "show-man"—Washington, Franklin, and others, are especially striking. One paper describes the walk down Broadway of a man dressed in a shroud, who wonders at the popular stare. Another records the writer's impressions at Niagara, in 1837. Altogether, the volume promises to afford fresh and delightful views of the great romancer.

The *London Athenaeum* gives the following account of the origin of Hawthorne's "Septimius Felton": "During Hawthorne's residence in England, he visited a curious old hall in Lancashire, well known for the legend attaching to a bloody footstep, which is still visible on one of the stone-paved passages. The description of the happy day he spent at Smithell's is among the most interesting pages of the English 'Note-Books'; and there he mentions his hostess's last request, that he should write a ghost-story for her house. This ghost-story forms part of the story of 'Septimius'; but neither of his friends for whom he wrote has lived to read it. That 'good specimen of the old English country gentleman,' as the 'Note-Books' call him, and who in the romance is playfully transformed into a person of 'thin, sallow, American cast of face,' and the accomplished woman, whose genial hospitality was widely known, have, like their guest, passed away. The promise had been kept, but they did not live to witness its fulfilment."

The fifth edition of Appletons' European Guide-Book, corrected to June 1, 1872, is now ready. This edition contains many new illustrations, new maps, with the large railway-

map of Europe, corrected to the last moment of going to press (which is believed to be the most perfect in existence), and a full record of recent events of interest to tourists. This Guide-Book is as nearly exhaustive in its information as is easily possible for such a work; its maps are accurate, its engravings numerous and valuable, and great care is taken to give in each edition the very latest changes.

## Miscellany.

### Battle with an Alligator.

I WAS returning from the half-built sugar-mill one day, perhaps a month after my first arrival at the *hacienda*, at about four o'clock in the afternoon. I was riding homeward, then, thinking of many things—of the friends that I should perhaps never see again in the flesh; of—

"What was that? A cry of pain?" Yes, a cry, certainly of pain or terror—the shrill, appealing cry of a child's agonized voice; and I started, and wheeled my horse toward the quarter from which the sounds seemed to come. The cry was repeated, more feebly than before; and as I had now no doubt as to the direction whence the call for help proceeded, I dashed across a ravine, and, scrambling up the steep bank opposite, came in sight of the chain of lagoons, connected with the mighty Rio Plata by a small river, which skirted the plantations of rice and tobacco, and on the banks of which I had shot many a snipe and flamingo. Here, at the edge of a cane-bordered creek that ran up from the nearest lagoon into the broken ground, where the hillocks were gay with purple rhododendrons and the wild geranium, I beheld a sight that chilled my blood with horror.

Close to the margin of the water, knee-deep in the flowers and the tall pampas grass, just where the white and yellow pond-lilies mingled with the rich-colored blossoms of the flowered prairie, was a child—little Charlie—Don Miguel's hope and heir—his one tie to life and its affections—I knew the bare little golden head at once. But the boy stood, rooted to the ground, transfixed by terror, crouching down, his blue eyes, dilated by mortal fear, fixed on something huge, shapeless, unclean, that drew nearer and nearer yet, a grim and monstrous thing, that had more the aspect of a large log, glistening with slimy mud, than of any thing else. What is the ugly thing that has crawled out from the creek, fringed with bushes of the laurel-rose, and that is clumsily climbing the bank with awkward hurry of its ungainly claw-tipped feet? An alligator, by Heaven! for I see the slanting sunlight glisten on its scaly back, and the formidable jaws open and display the curved row of gleaming white teeth, as, with its cruel red eye fixed upon its prey, it approached the spot where stood the fated child, frozen by a terror that denied him the power to flee.

"Run, Charlie, run! run toward me!" I called aloud, at the same time urging my horse down the bank. The little fellow turned his pale face toward me, and recognized me; but fear was still too potent with him, and he remained where he was, crying out to "Mirry Warburton" to save him. I dashed in the spurs rowel deep, and at one bound came crashing through the rhododendrons to within some three or four feet of the place where the child stood. The alligator wheeled angrily round, to confront the intruder who dared to come between him and his toothsome supper; and my horse, driven wild with terror at the

sight and smell of the monstrous reptile, reared, swerved, and threw me, galloping off like a mad creature. I was on my feet in a moment, and had just time to throw myself between the alligator and the boy, before the blood-thirsty jaws could close in the first fatal snap. The brute recoiled a little, for alligators are cowardly as well as fierce, and they have been known to watch for hours in their reedy ambush, allowing men to pass them uninjured, until they could pounce securely on a woman or a child. But the reptile's slow blood had been too much stirred, by the expectation of an easy triumph, to permit him to decline the fight, and he crawled in upon me, uttering the hoarse cry, half-roar, half-whimpering moan, that a cayman gives under the sting of pain or fury.

I had my sheath-knife out, a strong double-edged blade of Barcelona steel, with a cross-handle and buckthorn haft; but this seemed a poor weapon against such a foe. By a hasty impulse—one of those life-saving thoughts that come upon us at moments of extreme peril, as if they were the whisperings of inspiration—I tore the blue woollen poncho from my shoulders—happily, I had adopted the New Spain style of dress—and, wrapping the mantle around the tough handle of my whalebone riding-whip, I forced it between the alligator's jaws as he closed with me, while at the same time, bending forward, I struck hard with my two-edged knife at his white throat, which was comparatively unprotected. The first stab told, for the white streak was soon crimsoned with blood; but the second stroke failed, for the knife slipped, and rattled uselessly on the armor-plates of the creature's mailed back; and then began a struggle for death or life between my terrible antagonist and myself. My strength was nothing to that of the huge reptile, and I felt myself dragged to right and left as if I had been a rat in the gripe of a terrier, yet I held on fast to the whalebone handle of the whip, while the sharp teeth vainly gnashed and tore at the spongy wool that clogged them, and I retained my hold in sheer desperation, striking in with my knife whenever I got a chance, but usually baffled by the tenacious armor of my invulnerable adversary.

Charlie, a few feet distant, was sobbing piteously, at times crying aloud in appeal to Guachos, whom he knew—"Sancho!" "Diego!" "El Negro!"—to help "Mirry Warburton;" for the dear little fellow, delivered from his first agony of alarm, seemed now to think only of my peril. The idea was a good one, although the child's weak voice could not of course reach far. Exerting the full strength of my lungs, I twice shouted forth the well-known desert-cry when a jaguar is sighted: "Mozos, a mi!—El tigre!—Mo-zos!"—and I fancied, as I uttered the second call, that I heard a distant answer, like a faint echo. But now I had need of all my breath and all my muscles, for the infuriated animal with which I fought, tearing the cloth of the soft mantle to pulp, was gradually getting its grim jaws free. Twice, already, had my wrist and arm been grazed by its keen teeth—I bear the white scars to this day—and the horrible odor of the creature, and the remorseless glare of its small bloodshot eye, impressed me with the fantastic notion that my enemy was something evil beyond the mere furious greed of a wild beast. Yet I grasped the whalebone whip-handle, and drove in the knife with all the force of an arm that was fast growing exhausted. Spent, breathless, giddy, I was dragged down, and, in a kneeling attitude, exerted the remains of my waning strength in a stab at the alligator's throat. The blade broke short off by the han-

dle as it lodged among the stout scales of the neck!

Just then I heard a shout, and the tramp of a horse coming up at full and furious speed. On they came, the steed foam-flecked and gored by the spur, the rider brandishing high above his head the spiral coils of the lasso. I recognized the horseman in an instant. It was Juan, the boldest and most dexterous of all that Centaur brotherhood; and he knew me, and comprehended at a glance the state of affairs.

"Stand back, Englishman—stand back!" he cried aloud, "and I'll do the rest; Mozos!—El tigre!—Mo-zos!" And he whirled the lasso high, spurring his frightened horse near and nearer to the spot.

Events which it takes many words to describe, even inadequately, sometimes occupy but a very few seconds or minutes of actual time; and from the period of my hurrying up in response to young Charlie's scream for help, to that of Juan the Guacho's arrival on the scene of action, probably but a few moments had passed. But, to judge by my feelings, they might have been ages. I had rushed to the rescue just in time to save the tender limbs of Don Miguel's heir from the greedy jaws of the monster, and had made as good a fight as I could, nearly paying with my own life for the young life I had saved, when this new champion rode in hot haste to encounter the common foe. Reeling, breathless, and dizzy of brain, I understood the Guacho's meaning sufficiently to stand back, letting go my hold of the tough whip-handle, which, with the tattered poncho wrapped around it, I had hitherto obstinately kept between the alligator's churning jaws. The infuriated brute followed me up with bitter hate, his hateful snout all but brushing my knee as I staggered back. But just at that instant, whir! crack! came the well-known sound of the heavy lasso whistling past, launched with unerring aim, and, as I gazed about me with haggard eyes, I saw that the noose was tightening round the reptile's neck; while Juan, with the end of the stout cord fastened to his saddle, had started off at a canter, towing along the alligator after him, as he had tugged along many a bull and many a wild steed.

For an instant it seemed as if the Guacho's would be an easy triumph; but it was only the surprise of the shock that had mastered the alligator, a very large one, and the great weight and strength of which soon began to tell. I saw the horse brought, with a jerk, to a stop, and then, to my dismay, beheld steed and rider dragged by sheer force toward the lagoon, vainly striving to resist the superior power of the gigantic tyrant of the waters. Juan drove in his spurs, urging his panting and terrified horse by voice, hand, and knee, to put out its whole strength; but it soon seemed plain that, unless the saddle-girths gave way, dragged down into the pool he would be, horse and man, while there could be in such a case little doubt of the issue of the conflict. To cut the cord would have been the only mode of separating the combatants in this unequal duel; but I had let fall my broken knife in the long pampas grass, and a Guacho clings to his lasso with the same mechanical impulse that causes a seaman to hold fast to shroud or stay. "Let go the rope!" I called out to him as loudly as I could. "Loose the end from the saddle-ring, and let the brute go!" But Juan paid no heed to my advice, but spurred his struggling horse, uttering, at the full pitch of his voice, the "tiger-call" of the herdsmen.

The child had crept close to me, and was



holding on to my coat, weeping and calling on his absent father, and his presence embarrassed me; for, wearied and disarmed as I was, I felt eager to come to the aid of the bold lad who had saved me from the very jaws of death; but just at the moment that the mulatto girl, Charlie's nurse, came running down the hill with sobs and outcries in search of the truant charge who had strayed off while she was threading scarlet berries for a necklace, four of our mounted men came thundering down with cheery shouts and lassoes whirled aloft; and in a very short time the alligator, strong and savage as he was, noosed and entangled by the pliant cords, stabbed with knives, and beaten down by *bolas*, lay dead and harmless.

#### Statistics of the Census.

The "Tables of Occupation," which have just been completed at the Census-Office, show that the number of persons pursuing gainful occupations on the 1st of June, 1870, was 12,505,923. Of these 548,088 were males, and 191,143 females, from ten to fifteen years of age; 9,486,307 were males, and 1,594,959 females, from sixteen to fifty-nine years; 635,041 males, and 50,385 females, sixty years and upward. Of the total, 9,802,038 were born in the United States; 836,502 in Germany; 949,164 in Ireland; 301,779 in England and Wales; 71,933 in Scotland; 109,681 in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark; 58,197 in France; 189,307 in British America; and 46,300 in China and Japan.

Of the total number 5,922,471 were engaged in agriculture; 2,707,421 in manufactures, mechanical and mining pursuits; 1,191,238 in trade and transportation; and 3,684,798 were rendering personal and professional services.

Of the Germans 224,531 were engaged in agriculture; 308,331 in manufactures, etc.; 112,397 rendering personal or professional services, 96,433 of the latter being classed as laborers, and 42,866 as domestic servants.

Of the Irish 135,425 were engaged in agriculture; 264,628 in manufactures, etc.; 119,091 in trade and transportation; 425,617 rendering personal and professional services, of whom 229,199 were classed as laborers, and 145,956 as domestic servants.

Of the English and Welsh 77,173 were engaged in agriculture; 142,631 in manufactures, etc.; 32,036 in trade and transportation; 49,889 in professional and personal services.

Of the Scotch 17,950 were engaged in agriculture; 32,960 in manufactures, etc.; 6,440 in trade, etc.; 12,683 in personal and professional services.

Of the Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians, 50,480 were engaged in agriculture; 21,383 in manufactures; 9,564 in trade, etc.; 29,354 rendering personal and professional services.

Of the natives of British America 48,288 were engaged in agriculture; 76,467 in manufactures; 16,565 in trade and transportation; 48,008 in personal and professional services.

Of the Chinese and Japanese 2,862 were engaged in agriculture; 21,702 in manufactures, etc.; 2,250 in trade and transportation; 19,486 in personal and professional services, 5,421 of the latter being classed as domestic servants, and 3,657 as laundresses and laundresses.

The largest number of persons returned as of any single specified occupation was under the head of planters and farmers, 2,982,573 being reported. The number of farm-laborers returned was 2,880,045. In addition to these classes, there were returned, under the general head of agriculture, 137 apiarists, 3,003 dairy-men and women, 3,689 farm and plantation overseers, 1,110 florists, 31,793 gardeners and

nurserymen, 3,338 stock-drovers, 6,064 stock-herders, 6,614 stock-raisers, 375 turpentine-farmers, 2,103 turpentine-laborers, and 1,127 vine-growers.

Under the head of manufacturing and mechanical occupations, there were returned 344,596 carpenters and joiners; 152,107 miners; 141,774 blacksmiths; 171,127 boot and shoe makers; 161,830 tailors, tailoresses, and seamstresses; 92,084 milliners, dress and mantua makers; 85,123 painters and varnishers; 41,789 coopers; 44,354 butchers; 42,835 cabinet-makers; 42,464 carriage and wagon makers and trimmers; 32,817 harness and saddle makers; 54,831 machinists; 89,710 brick and stone masons; 41,583 millers; 23,577 plasterers; 29,860 printers; 47,298 sawmill-hands; 30,524 tinners; 20,943 wheelwrights; 26,670 brick and tile makers; 28,286 cigar-makers; 27,680 bakers; 28,702 tanners, curriers, and finishers of leather; 27,106 fish and oyster men; 25,831 marble and stone cutters.

The number of persons returned as manufacturers was 42,905.

Operatives in cotton-mills, 111,606; in woolen-mills, 58,836; in mills and factories not specified, 41,619; in iron-works of all kinds, 81,000; in tobacco-factories, 11,985; in paper-mills, 12,469.

Under the head of trade, there were returned 226,363 traders and dealers of all kinds, in addition to 16,975 peddlers and 17,362 hucksters; 222,504 clerks in stores, in addition to 14,203 salesmen and women, 31,117 book-keepers and accountants, and 7,363 commercial travellers, and exclusive also of 14,363 bar-keepers and tenders; porters and laborers in stores and warehouses, 31,512.

Under the head of transportation, there were returned 1,902 officials of railroad companies, 7,374 railroad clerks, and 154,027 railroad employés; 76 officials of express companies, 767 express clerks, and 8,554 express employés; 88 officials of street-car companies, and 5,103 employés. There were also returned 56,663 sailors, 7,338 canal-men, and 7,975 steamboat men and women.

The number of draymen, hackmen, and teamsters returned, was 120,756.

Under the class "Personal and Professional Services," the principal returns were: Laborers, 1,081,666; domestic servants, 971,043; teachers of all kinds, 136,570; physicians and surgeons, 62,383; laundresses and laundresses, 60,906; clergymen, 43,874; lawyers, 40,736; journalists, 5,286; dentists, 7,844; restaurant-keepers, 35,241; hotel-keepers, 26,394; barbers and hair-dressers, 23,935; employés of hotels and restaurants, 23,382; clerks, do., 5,243; hostlers, 17,581; livery-stable keepers, 8,509; nurses, 15,667; boarding and lodging house keepers, 12,785; musicians, 6,519; officers of the army and navy of the United States, 2,236; civil officers of government, national, State, or municipal, and reporting no other occupation, 44,743; clerks, do., 8,672; employés, do., 14,407.

#### Rousseau.

Mr. John Morley has been lecturing in England on the influence of Rousseau. He sums it up that Rousseau's teaching sowed the seeds of the restlessness which is so manifest throughout modern Europe. The teaching itself was not in its fundamental ideas possessed of great creative originality. Rousseau owed much to Geneva, where he was born in the midst of public discontents and the discussion of the first principles of politics and theology. He owed much to Montaigne, Plutarch, Hobbes, and Locke. His originality lay in the temper and sentiment which he introduced into social discussions, and which exactly suited the ripe-

ness of the times. His influence took root in a new type of life, springing from the old appeal away from the corruption and frivolity of artificial society to simple and pure individual life—dogma being abandoned for spiritualism, and pride of intellect for health of feeling. They touched the entire circle of life; and hence they inspired not only the Jacobin Robespierre, or the transcendentalist, George Sand, but the royalist Châteaubriand and the Christian Lamennais. He cut off the whole past of the race, obliterating history from memory and the old social ordering from sight, and inundating the study of social truth with metaphysical *a priori* figments, such as Rights of Man, Laws of Nature, and the rest. His fundamental merit was his protest against the stationary fatalism of those who exaggerate the strength of social continuity and the grip of the past over the present. His fatal error was his disregard of the intellectual and moral endeavor of the past, and a blind ignorance of the experience of the race. What made his errors so baneful was the concurrence of the economic and political conditions of France, which were so devoid of all coherence as to permit his anti-social speculations to become violent explosive forces. He deserves, however, the gratitude of mankind for the impulse which he gave to the motives for the study of social truth, by pointing out how short a way we have gone toward the admission of the bondsmen of society to the best advantages of civilization.

#### Foreign Items.

PRINCE BISMARCK, who ten years ago was very poor, has made things pay since then. He is now a millionaire. Signor Lanza, the Italian minister, has an estate near Ancona worth two hundred and fifty thousand lire. Mr. Gladstone, the English premier, is moderately wealthy. Ruiz Zorilla, the Spanish prime-minister, has little besides his pension and salary. Thorbecke, the great Dutch minister, died poor. Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian chancellor, is very rich, the czar having given him, in 1863, an interest in the mines of the Ural. Finally, Count Andrássy, the Austrian chancellor, owns three estates in Hungary worth one hundred thousand dollars.

The Berlin *Military Weekly*, in an able article on French conscription, says: "The French possess qualities highly valuable from a military point of view. They have a good deal of intellectual vivacity, are susceptible of generous impulses, and in their paroxysms of enthusiasm esteem life but lightly. To the intensity of these qualities in some periods of their history they owe their successes. To counterbalance the advantage they derive from their inflammable temperament, they are utterly deficient in steadiness."

Henry Schaefer, Peter Kopp, and Louis Neumann, three murderers, were recently executed by the sword at Bötzw, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The execution lasted forty minutes, and was witnessed by at least twenty thousand people. The executioner did his work rather bunglingly. The two culprits who were executed last fainted away before their turn came, and cordials had to be administered in order to revive them.

The Vienna correspondent of the Paris *Figaro* pretends to know all about the private fortunes of the leading statesmen of Europe. "President Thiers," he says, "is worth at

least four million francs. His copyrights alone yield him annually seventy or eighty thousand francs. M. de Beust is a relatively poor man. He may have two hundred thousand francs, but certainly not more."

We now look for a steady influx of foreign music-bands. The reception with which the foreign musicians met at Boston seems to have intoxicated them so much that they wrote the most extravagant reports about it to Europe, and represented America as entirely destitute of good musicians. The German newspapers announce that several large travelling bands are preparing to leave for this country.

After poor Carlotta had her last interview with the pope, which drove her to madness, she met Cardinal Antonelli, whom she had always considered her deadly enemy, and, recovering for a moment her full mental powers, she burst into the words: "Ah, scélérat, infame!" Cardinal Antonelli turned very pale, but then began to smile and said, carelessly: "Piano, signora, piano!"

Oettinger, the German author, who recently died at Dresden, was one of the most industrious *littérateurs* of his country. He finished his "Dictionnaire des Dates," a cyclopædia written in the French language, and published in eight thick volumes, in fourteen months. This is believed to be the greatest literary feat ever performed by one man.

The father of the great Anton Rubinstein was once sent by the Hospodar of Moldavia to Constantinople. He used such bold language to the grand-vizier of Sultan Mahmoud that the latter ordered the bastinado to be administered to him. In consequence of this castigation, old M. Rubinstein remained lame for life.

An enthusiastic admirer of Victor Hugo arrived recently from Russia in Paris. He brought with him a large trained bear, which he desired to present to the author of "The Man Who Laughs." M. Hugo gratefully accepted the present, but had the bear sent at once to the Jardin des Plantes.

The Emperor of Germany has issued an order that all letters or telegrams addressed to him must be prepaid, inasmuch as, if he paid the postage and telegraphic charges, he would have to spend one-half of his civil list for that purpose.

The last parties in the Langrand frauds in Belgium, in which several members of the Austrian court, notably the Archduchess Sophia, were implicated, have at last been convicted at Brussels, and sent to the Belgian state-prison for seven years.

The woman Pepita Cadinella, at Caen, for whom Pierre Lapoussé was murdered recently by one Dutellier, and the latter executed on the guillotine, has committed suicide by opening an artery.

An official history of the late war is being prepared by the staff of the North-German Army. The English War-office has arranged for its translation.

Wachtel, the German tenor, is ungrateful. He says, in a letter to a friend in Germany, that he "never saw a city more disagreeable to live in than New York."

The Queen of Prussia has sent the Princess Salm-Salm, upon her entering the St.-Ursula Convent at Appenzell, a Catholic prayer-book worth one thousand dollars.

Pope Pius IX. generally speaks very hesitatingly when addressing strangers; but, when his feelings become aroused, he is a most eloquent speaker.

Octave Feuillet's "History of the Second Empire" will be published this autumn, in five volumes. The work is dedicated to M. Sylvestre de Saey.

The Emperor Napoleon III. intends to pass the months of August and September in the fords and mountains of Norway. He will be accompanied by Generals Fleury and Fajol.

Perhaps the greatest bigot in Europe is young Don Carlos, the pretender to the throne of Spain. He has his father-confessor with him for seven or eight hours every day.

Louise Colet, the French authoress, left a fortune of three hundred thousand francs, all earned by her pen.

Edmond About is at work upon a series of war-novels, the first of which, "Wissembourg," is about ready for the press.

The parents of Mme. Peschka-Leutner, the great German *cantatrice*, live in very humble circumstances at Toplitz, in Bohemia.

The *Figaro*, in Paris, pays its assistant editors fifteen thousand francs a year for two hours' labor daily.

The Strasbourg University is attended by nine American students.

The result of the Stokes trial is severely commented upon by the French press.

## Varieties.

THE London *Examiner* has discovered that, in sixty-six municipal elections in England, out of every 1,000 women who enjoy equal rights with men on the register 516 went to the poll, which is but 48 less than the proportionate number of men. And out of 27,946 women registered where a contest occurred, 14,416 voted. Of men there were 166,781 on the register, and 94,080 at the poll. The *Examiner* draws this conclusion: "Making allowance for the reluctance of old spinsters to change their habits, and the more frequent illness of the sex, it is manifest that women, if they had opportunity, would exercise the franchise as freely as men. There is an end, therefore, of the argument that women would not vote if they had the power."

It is interesting to know that the story of "Septimius Felton" was suggested by the tradition of a dream which disturbed the sleep of a former occupant of Hawthorne's "Wayside" house. This house has lost its ancient form, passing through many renovations. It was rebuilt by Mr. Alcott, who lived in it about thirty years ago, and again by Mr. Hawthorne, in 1860. It is now used as a girls' boarding-school, and what may be the influence, upon high-strung nervous organizations, of the weird phantoms which must haunt the old place, we shudder to think of.

A curious misprint, involving an absurd impossibility, is to be found in an edition of Shakespeare's plays published within the last five years—the following words being put in the mouth of Henry IV., when recounting the smooth and welcome news brought by Sir Walter Blunt from the north:

"The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;  
Ten thousand Scots, two-and-twenty knights,  
Balked in their own blood, did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains."

Mr. Folsom, the new translator of the Gospels, finds that the end of the world—that is to say, the destruction of the planet on which we are placed—is not alluded to anywhere in the original Greek.

A French *grocer* has just published a *Life* of Charlotte Corday, from which we learn that Marat, at his marriage, dispensed with both priest and lawyer. He knelt on one knee, took the bride's hand in his, called the universe to witness that he loved Simonne Ervart before all women, and regained his feet a Benedict. This beats the late Gretna-Green.

There is a story in a Western paper to the effect that a prudent Kentucky father, with a marriageable daughter, found it impossible to keep the beaux from the house; so he furnished her with a music-box which plays "Home, Sweet Home," at ten o'clock P. M. precisely. The beaux are all gone and the house closed up in five minutes after.

At a certain church-fair, a set of Cooper's works was promised to the individual who should answer a set of conundrums. A dashing young fellow was pronounced the winner, and received a set of wooden pails.

The United States consumed two hundred and eighty thousand pounds of opium during the last twelvemonth, half of the entire amount exported.

The board of trustees of Delaware College have thrown open the doors of that institution to young women.

A lady in Indiana has been granted a divorce on the plea that her husband had refused to assist her on washing-days.

Mrs. Ross Church (Florence Marryat) edits *London Society*.

Tomato-plants are said to reach the height of eighteen feet in California.

## Contemporary Portraits.

Abdul-Asiz, Sultan of the Turks.

THE present, thirty-second Sultan of the Turks, Abdul-Asiz, who succeeded his elder brother, Abdul-Medjid, to the throne, June 25, 1861, has fallen short of realizing the expectations that the beginning of his reign seemed to justify. He is another exemplification of the truth of the old adage, that it is a misfortune to be the son of a great man; for his father, Mahmud II., the bold reformer, is not yet forgotten, and for that reason more is expected of his sons than they would, perhaps, be capable of accomplishing. Had Abdul-Medjid and Abdul-Asiz inherited something of their father's force of character, and instead of an enervating, harem-education, surrounded by slaves and favorites, had they been trained in a liberal and rational manner, in conformity with the spirit of the age, it would have been an easy task for them to carry out their father's wise and beneficent plans. Turkey and all Islam would have been rescued from the misrule which for centuries has been their curse, and seems destined, at no distant day, to lead to inglorious ruin. But the present sultan, especially, although he began well, quickly fell into the ways of his degenerate predecessors.

ABDUL-ASIZ was born February 9, 1830, and was reared in the seclusion of the harem, where he was confined even after he became heir-apparent to the throne, by the death of his father and the succession of his brother. The Turkish throne is not inherited by the eldest son of the reigning sultan, but by the eldest male of the family. His brother, Abdul-Medjid, treated him with the consideration due to his rank, but seems to have studiously guarded him against the influence of the reform party and of Western civilization. For this reason every one was surprised, when he succeeded to the government, not only to hear him express views in harmony with those of the reformers, but also to see him act in conformity with those views in the organization of his court and in his instructions to the prin-

pal officers of the state. He promised to content himself with one wife; hopes were, therefore, entertained that the country would be relieved of the great expense of supporting a harem, and that the condition of the government finances would be improved. Instead of confining the six sons of his brother and predecessor during his reign, in accordance with the immemorial custom of the Turkish rulers, he gave the eldest a pashalic and princely retinue, and sent the others to a military school. But it was not long before Abdul-Asiz, yielding to the pernicious influence of the enemies of reform—the old Turkish party—fell into the luxurious habits of his predecessors. He soon had a harem, peopled by



ABDUL-ASIZ, SULTAN OF THE TURKS.

innumerable concubines, which costs the state immense sums. On a visit to the European courts he squandered a large amount; while the hunting-excursions and other amusements of his court cost fabulous sums. This prodigality, added to the expense of reorganizing the army and navy, has ruined the finances of the country, and been the fruitful cause of disturbances at home and grave apprehensions abroad. The barbaric hatred of the foreigner has been more apparent of late in Turkey than for a generation before. The destruction of the empire of the Solymans is only a question of time; the obstinate stupidity of its rulers, in refusing to recognize and to conform to the spirit of the age, must, sooner or later, cost them their throne.

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